



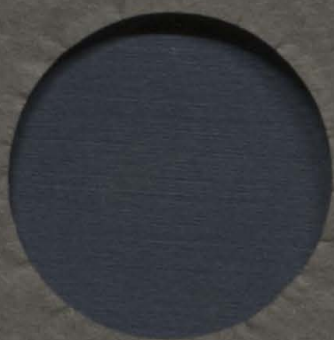
Senior Annual

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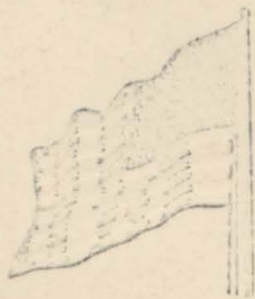
A

1917



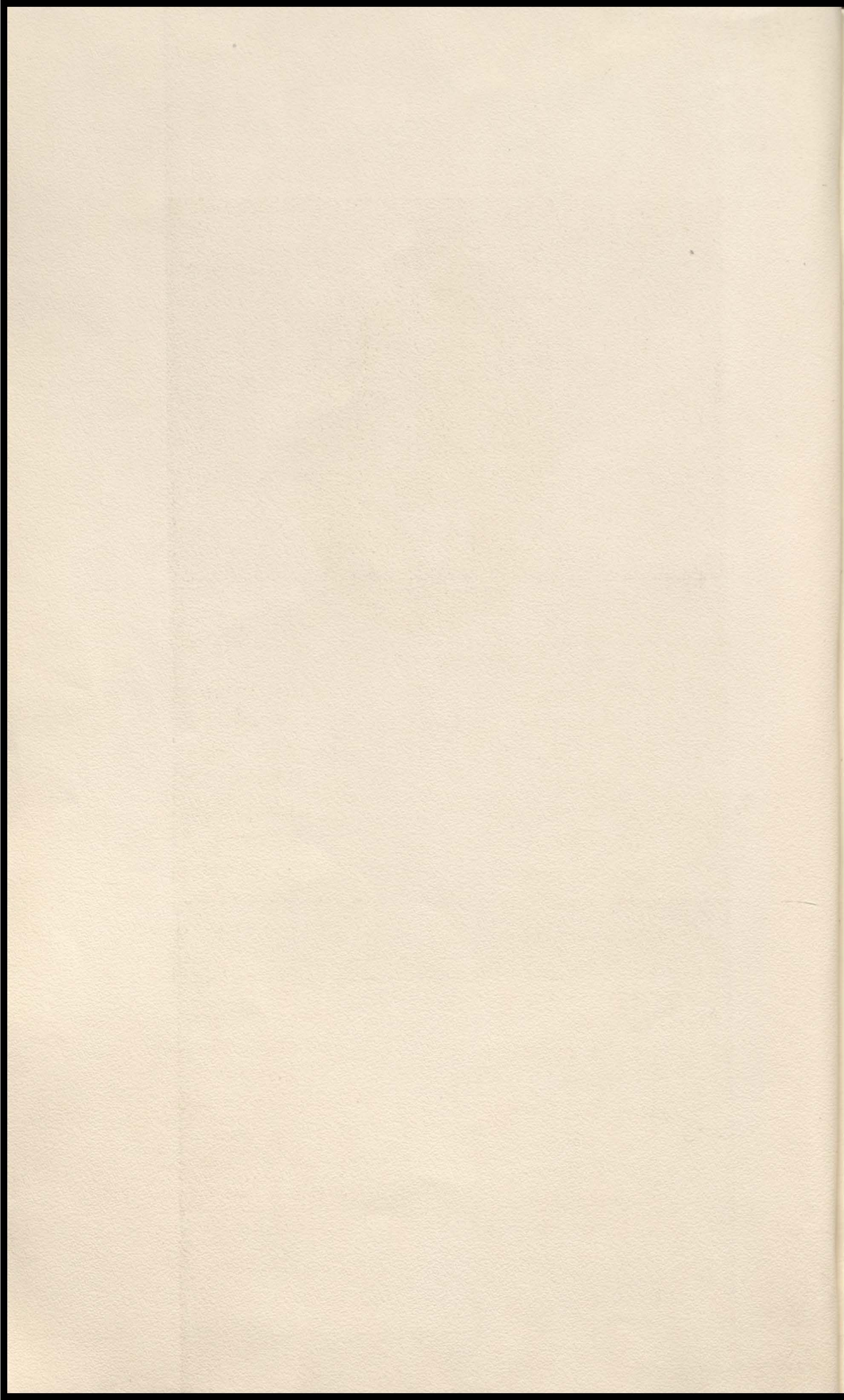


Behold the flag, precious, sublime inheritance,
Benison of America's faith, power, unity;
We consecrate anew our hearts, our souls,
Our eager, willing service of hand and brain
To thy defense and greater glory.
In the sunshine of thy glowing colors,
In the proud record of thy unblemished past,
In the bright promise of thy future,
May thou, by the Father's care,
Lead the nations to farther heights,
More generous aims, more nobler deeds,
Till the "sword is beaten into the plowshare"
And peace, benign, hallowed peace,
Reigns among all the sons of men in a world republican.



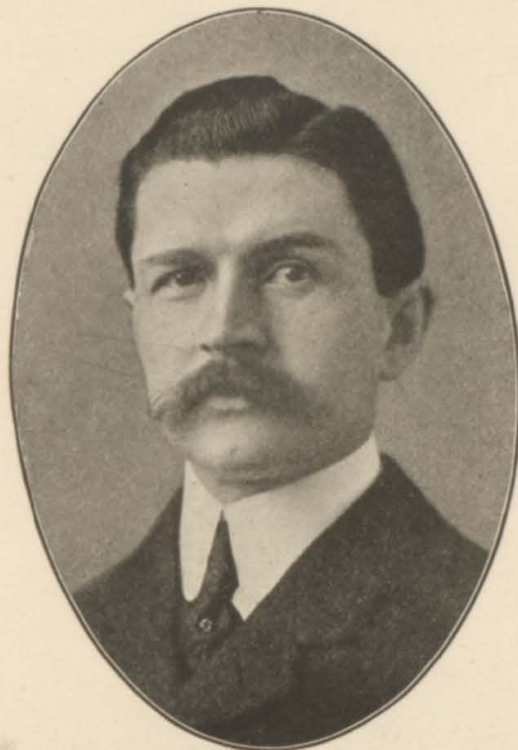


TO L. Elizabeth MacFarland whose unfailing interest in the welfare of her pupils and constant devotion to her work have endeared her to the heart of each member of the class—this annual is sincerely dedicated.



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JEREMIAH H. CARROLL

Superintendent of Schools
GEORGE R. STALEY



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HOMER W. HARRIS
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L. ELIZABETH MACFARLAND
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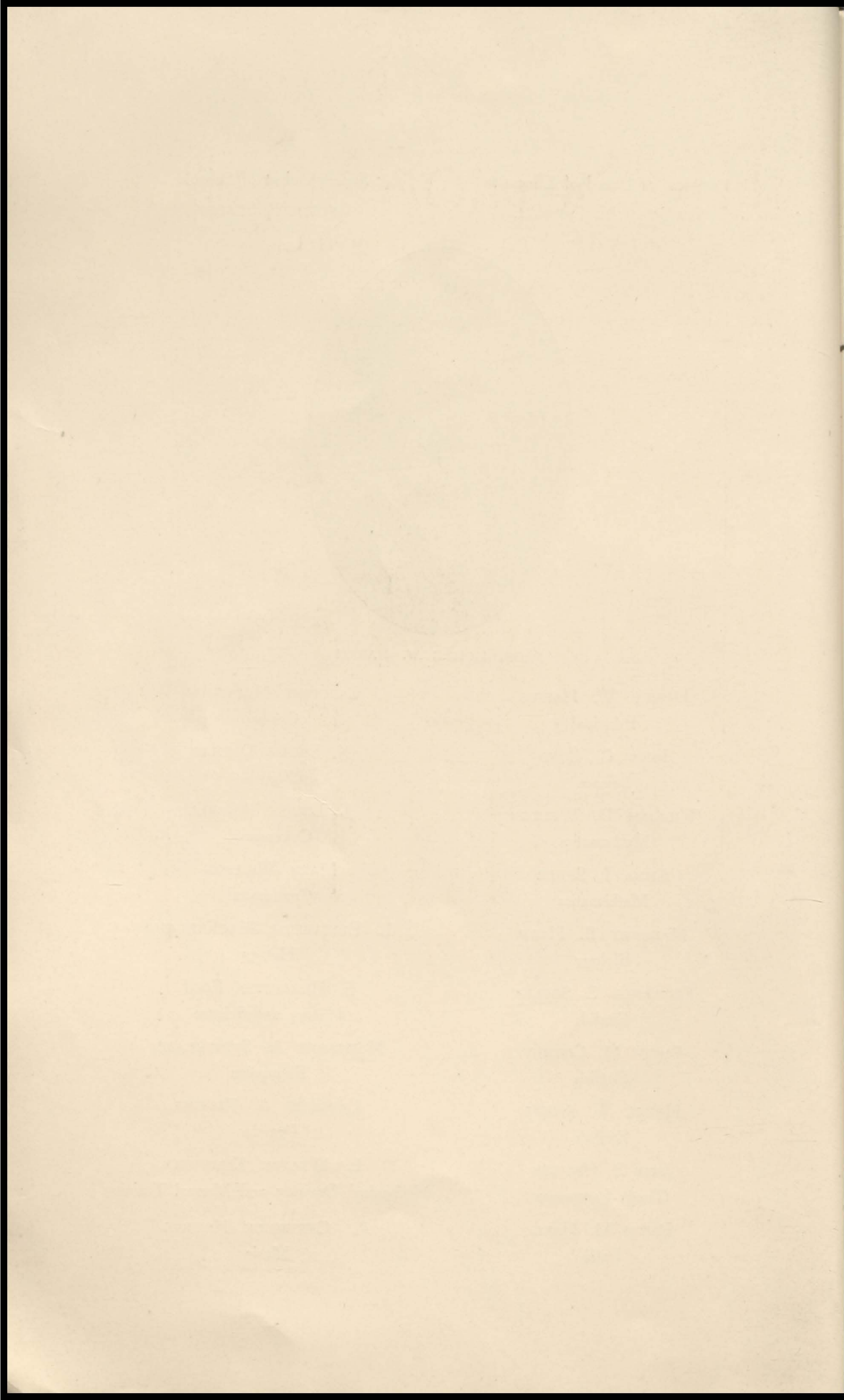
F. HENRIETTA FOOT
History and Science

MARGARET A. STRICKLAND
Expression

CAROLYN A. BIBBINS
Drawing

L. MORTON KIRCHER
Mechanical Drawing and Manual Training

A. GERTRUDE NOURSE
Music



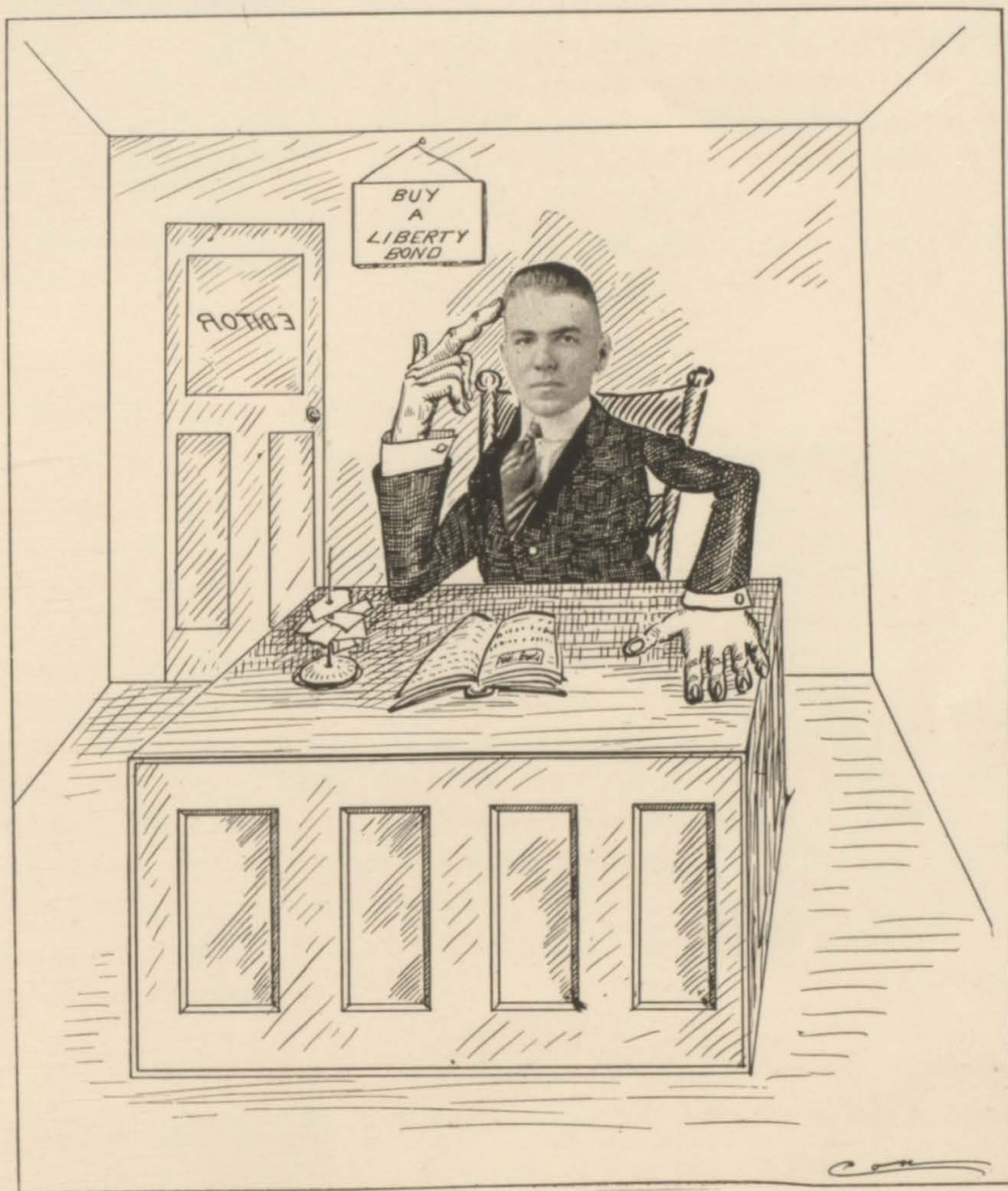
The Senior Annual

PUBLISHED BY THE SENIOR CLASS

ROME, N. Y.

CLASS DAY

JUNE 26, 1917



FRANCIS J. LAWLER, *Editor-in-Chief*

STAFF

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MILDRED BURLEIGH
THELMA FOOTE
PERNAL FOX
JANET MACADAM

CLAYSON ALDRIDGE
ROSS ANDERSON
L. GRAVES
JOHN MCGARTY
HAROLD SCHUE

WESLEY BLOOD

JAMES W. AYARS, *Business Manager*

SENIOR CLASS
1917
ROME FREE ACADEMY

THE 1917 SENIOR ANNUAL

CLAYSON WHEELER ALDRIDGE. "Cupid".

"I grew intoxicated with my own eloquence".



Hello! What have we here? Who is the proud possessor of this intelligent visage? Ah ha! this is young Aldridge, that French shark. "Cupe" feels quite at home when studying anything under the bright sun. He can write many sensible things, always recites in a manner which indicates he can swing a bluff, performs on any musical instrument with the confidence of an explorer, and is ready to chorus in his giggle in any laugh fest. He is our lead-off man, and it looks as if he had made a hit. Eh what?

Salutatorian. Member of Staff. Davis Essay Prize, 1916. Servant in Class Play.

DUNCAN ROSS ANDERSON. "Dunk".

"How long, ye simple ones, will ye love simplicity?"

Gaze intently upon younder countenance. What do you make of it? Is it human or heavenly? We say human. In D. Ross, we present a subject worthy of examination and observation. He uses 3-in-1 oil to loosen up his vocabulary, so stand at a distance when conversing with him. One venturesome spirit was caught napping once, and has been ever since, altho the doctor says he might be out before Feb. 29th. "Dunk" has sawed the strings of a violin for a long time, and has lent his manly warpings to the orchestra. He is a firm believer in that philosophical principle that man embraces woman.

Member of Staff. Football. Orchestra. Lord Cornwallis in Class Play.



JAMES WALLACE AYARS. "Jimmie".

"He feels as well and contented as if he had good sense".

It has got here at last. Ladies and Gentlemen, our Business Manager. His quotations are famous for their nonsense; chief among them are "I've gotta work" and "I resign". We have yet to catch him doing either. "Jimmie" holds the distinction of being the best blue-print washer in the county, and stands ready to defend this title against man or beast. James always took a manly interest in '17, in general, and several of the inmates in particular. We think ourselves very unlucky as Jimmie only weighs 122 stripped. Otherwise, he might be lugging a gun around all day, or scrubbing the decks of a man-of-war. Here's wishing James good luck.

BUSINESS MANAGER. Valiere in Class Play.



BERT BAKER JR. "Bertie".

"Let the sky rain potatoes".

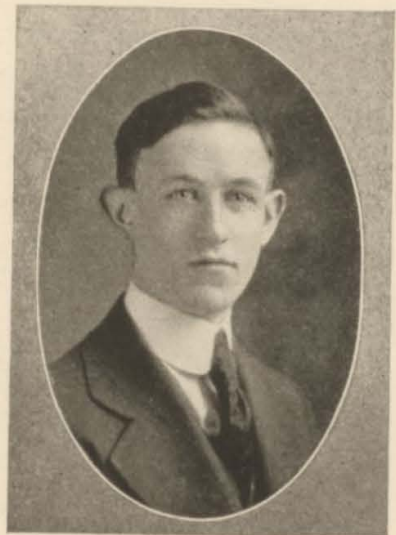


On our left we present a Gentleman Farmer. Bert heeded the call to the farm, and threw up his studies religiously. He is now deeply inhaling the delightful aromas of the farmstead and enjoying the subtle scenery of our rural surroundings. The Navy looked good enough for him at one time, but a spin of the wheel landed him on the farm where he now reigns majestic. We were worried when the symptoms of a "mis-placed eyebrow" appeared on his ruby lips, but he was converted and our fears were buried. He goes fifty-fifty with Mother Earth and the female of the species. Three cheers for the sod-buster.

TOM HOLDEN BARNARD. "Tom".

"None but himself can be his parallel".

And they stood round and gazed at him in astonishment! Though a very minute fragment of human existence, Tom has indeed attracted the attention of many to his daring exploits. The first of his crimes was the stealing of the Presidency of the Class of '17 during their entire sentence. Secondly, he went to Plum Island to represent us, and came back so different that we were ashamed of ourselves and sought correction. Thirdly, he has barefacedly usurped two of the Class Honors, altho we meekly admit that he rightly deserves them. In the face of these excellent offenses, we ask you, dear reader, to render a verdict of guilty to being one of the best students in the class of '17. "Guilty". Atta boy.



PRESIDENT. Third Academic Honor. Oratorical Honor.

ALICE SARA BASCOMBE. "Alice".

"A soul as full of worth, as void of pride."



We say so. She certainly does look cute. Why, she came with us several years ago, and we have been the victims of her enticing personality ever since. Never saw her before, eh? Where have you been? She is one of the best students in old R. F. A. and takes a great interest in the activities of the class. Yes, she is a good poetess. Yes, she has attracted many fortunate victims. Well, if you want any more information about her, go to "Rosy" or "Bub". Sorry we're stumped. Good night.

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ELLAMAE ELIZABETH BAULIG. "Ella".

"Far from the sweet society of men".

She passes the Charles St. car every morning coming to school. Those dimpled cheeks certainly are inviting. Go ahead, but don't mention any names. Ella moves about her work quietly, and completes four years of excellent attainments by graduating with that glorious Class of '17. Her record is an enviable one, the result of earnest study and thought. No more will she walk from this old Academy away up to that distant section. She is now free, and we leave her with grave regrets. Good bye, fellow classmate.

MARIAN ANTOINETTE BEACH. "Marian".

*"Her heart's like a lemon—so nice,
She carves for each lover a slice".*

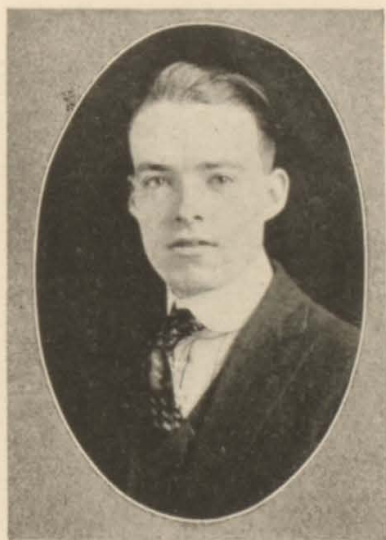
What are you stopping so long at this picture for? Confidentially, we are in the same boat as you are, old top. Some nice looking girl, eh what? Yes, she is as nice as she looks. I know fellers who would walk way up on North George just to see her. Well, I think she likes the color "brown" the best, altho she favored this green cover. In the class-rooms and class meetings she has been a successful performer, and her teachers recommend her most highly. We are highly honored to have Marian among our respected number, and you would say so if you could. Come on, let's look at some more, don't stay here all night.

Member of Staff. Glee Club. Lady Wyndham in Class Play.



JAMES EDMOND BIRD JR. "Jim".

"I'm smarter, a heap, than I look".



Yes, this is Alderman Bird's son. He is a nice looking lad. Well, they tell me he is a good speaker, I remember reading he won second prize in the Singerland Contest. Yes, James is worthy of praise. He is a good scout, a royal entertainer, a gentleman, a scholar and a good mixer of drinks. The spirit of patriotism surged over his manly frame, and he heroically offered his services to any unsuspecting farmer hereabouts, but fortunately for both himself and the farmer, his services were not needed. Like all great men, Jim had his Brutus. Who said treason? Get out wid yuh.

Sir Richard Wilde in Class Play. Second Prize, Boy's Slingerland.

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JAMES WESLEY BLOOD. "Wes".

"Reputed wise for saying nothing".



Young Blood, as I live. Yes, Wes graduates proudly with that memorable class of '17. He is that nervous, fussy little gentleman you have ever seen wandering through the halls with an abstracted air. He heeded the call to the farm, and left the din of the city, with all its strife and confusion, and sought peace and refuge among the potatoes and the corn. Correspondence to former classmates reveals the fact that he planted some potatoes, and nice big bushes grew up but he couldn't find any potatoes on them, so he looks to a bad crop of spuds this year. Tough luck, Wes. Punk seed.

Member of Staff.

MATTHEW HAROLD BRADY. "Matt".

"A jolly and true happy fellow".

Don't get excited, it's only me! Well, what do you know about that? This truncated personification of a human being exists with the rest of those heroes. The one grave mistake of his stubby career was that he entertained the delusioned idear that he was an orator. He has recovered from this frightful state of mind, and we expect great things from him. He would appreciate the gift of an "Eveready" or its equivalent. Who said a wire cutter?



EDWIN SLOANE BRIGGS. "Rosy".

"You look wise. Pray correct that error".



Hail, hail, the gang's all here! We've got him now, so take a good look at him. This smiling dome is perilously carried on two bony shoulders, whose only supports are two lean shanks which cover a large area, due to the large shoe he claims the shoe-dealers force on him against his sweet will. The lucky cuss escaped the worries of a base ball manager, but we'll get him yet. After a lengthy tutor from a well known commercial teacher, he bravely makes his debut in the world this year. He is a strong Willson man, and stands ready to defend that title against all comers, strangle-hold barred. Zowie! Some youngster, what.

Baseball.

Photos by McClusky



GEORGE BROWNING BRONSON. "Georgie".

"His discourse sounds big, but means nothing".

Huh, take a peek at Georgie, will yuh, all dressed up. So he graduates this year. Yes, we take the liberty to warn you that George will leave R. F. A. with the Class of '17, and will be looking for a position pretty soon. George was a pretty good student; he always had his lessons and was game for a little fun at the same time. As a debater, he is coquettish. He would be a farmer, but the farmers saw him first. All bets off. He came to us from Marlboro, Mass., which is the greatest town in this country. Next stop, Marlboro. All change.

SARAH MILDRED BURLEIGH. "Mil".

"Her pleasure is her power to charm".

Well, well! We say so. Pretty nice? You bet, and then some more. We take pleasure in introducing as a special feature at this afternoon's performance, one of the fair damsels of the Class of '17. Mil is a top-notch in both studies and society. She is a very popular lass with all, no exceptions here. Although an inhabitant of R. F. A. but for a short time, she has made herself quite at home. In connection with her studies, she acts as traveling companion for Miss Marian Beach. Who wants a traveling companion now?

Member of Staff. Glee Club.



ESTHER ELIZABETH BYAM. "Esther".

We call attention to this modest, unassuming young lady, and announce that we like her queenly presence with us. We are glad to have her with us for many reasons. She has been a quiet, earnest classmate, and has easily captured that elusive nymph called Knowledge, and has mastered all the tricks of the game. So there! what more could you want? She favors capital punishment, so beware boys!



MAE IRENE COLP. "Maie".

Hello! Who is this? Oh, yes, Miss Colp. Well, congratulations on your success as we were counting on your presence in our graduating exercises. Mae has obtained a very liberal education since her entrance in this stately Academy four years ago. Though not designed for speed, she keeps up with the rest of her classmates nicely, and will be among the first to answer present when the final roll is called. Her name begins with C. See? Help!

GRETCHEN EMOGENE DILLENBECK. "Gretch".

*"Be to her virtues very kind,
Be to her faults a little blind."*

Amidst the soothing aroma of new-mown hay in the wilds of North Western did this fair damsel spend the early years of her charming life. Several years ago she floated down to us in one of the Universal cars and became one of the illustrious members of the Class of '17. She is a worthy representative of the ability of the Class, and excels in the gift of gab, especially when before large audiences.

First Prize, Girls' Slingerland. Eileen in Class Play.



THELMA FRANCES FOOTE. "Footey".

"She is good as she is fair".

"Footey" is one of the minute organisms of the class. Yet, in spite of this, she has forced her way into the affections of many with the ease of an engine. She knows all of the latest "Ayars" and is always enraptured when that thrilling song, "When Jimmie comes marching home in victory" is rendered. In her classes she has elucidated the mysteries of the many branches so effectively as to bring home the fifth Academic Honor.

Member of Staff. Fifth Academic Honor.





PERNAL MARGARET FOX. "Foxey".

"Why will men worry themselves so?"

She sure is "Foxey". This very lively girlie has swayed many bold hearts hereabouts during her four years of patient study and concentration. In construction, she resembles "Footy" and in musical taste, she loves to hear that old melody sung, only with a different hero. She has contributed her "bit" to the Navy cheerfully. Lately, she has acquired quite a taste for jewels.

Member of Staff.

ELIZABETH CHRISTINA FREY. "Elizabeth".

Realizing the admirable qualities which predominated in the Class of '17, Elizabeth threw down her former classmates, and decided to follow the class with the Green and White banner. We are glad to have her with us. Though quiet in nature, she has the interest of the school at heart, and always endeavors to raise the already enviable record of old R. F. A.



MARGARET KATHLEEN GALLIVAN. "Peg".

Hello everybody! I just got back from the Rome Chambah of Commerce where I work every day. "Peg" is industrious, no doubt, because she said so herself and she ought to know. She is good in her studies and likes a good time along with it. Her teachers like her and that is strong evidence to offer. We hope you will treat her nicely when she leaves the fostering care of R. F. A. We know you will, so we introduce her to you. Miss Gallivan, meet General Public. Oh, the General likes her!



LYNDON WILLARD GRAVES. "Gravy".

"And when I ope my mouth let no dog bark".

Here we have the only and original. He was captured in the dark recesses of the Thomas Street School, and brought in chains to his present habitation. Since his arrival, he has gradually absorbed knowledge until now he is freed from imprisonment with a spotless record. He is the father of the "Graves Resolution" to appropriate \$105.27 for the foot ball team. An eloquent orator—irreplaceable as a ticket taker. He believed in Hughes at even money.

Member of Staff. Class Historian.

RUTH ELMINA HOSSFELT. "Ruthie".

Here's Ruth now, but where is Catherine? You know she and Catherine are great chums, also Edith Rickard chimes nicely with the aforesaid pair. Ruth is, or was, studious. She can chew the rag in a debate some, and can hold her own in informal talks, we hear. Well, she is destined to succeed, we know, and to do so, all she has to do is to continue her good work. We regret to part from Ruth, but we all feel that our dear Alma Mater will bind us closely together. What say, Ruth?

Glee Club.



ARTHUR EMERSON JONES. "Jockey".

"No man could stand against him on the mat and not blush".

Ladies and Gentlemen! For your approval we here present the great athlete and wrestler, Frank Gotch Jones. You have all heard of his prowess on the mat. He certainly is tricky and cunning. He is thinking of buying the village of Camden and turning it into a park. That is why he frequently journeys to that placid village. He is the author of that notable publication "How I Became a Wrestler", for sale at all news stands, or send two cents in stamps to the Editor for a copy. Indispensable to the amateur performer.



Photos by McClusky

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WALTER AUGUST JUERGENS. "Walt".

*"His wit was sent him for a token,
But in the carriage cracked and broken".*



Behold this husky atom of German barbarism flying the colors of Uncle Sam. Be not afeard, brethren, he is not as dangerous or man-eating as he looks or would have you believe. If he was so blood-thirsty, we would not have entrusted the funds of the class in his fond paternal care. If you wish to see a musical genius, look at Walt. He can play equally well? on the mandolin and the sweet potato, featuring both mitts. On the whole, Walt is a good scout. Hain't yuh, Walter?

TREASURER. Colonel Morton in Class Play.

EVELYN ELEANOR KAPFER. "Curleque".

"Still smile, my dear, a frown or tear would mar that cheerful face".

A casual glance at Evelyn's enticing smile will reveal the secret of her friendship with the bold swains. Her victims are not confined to R. F. A. Oh, no! she has one acquaintance who can talk just like a New Yorkah, although he hails from Boonville Junction, which is 10 minutes walk from the car line. We predict a happy life for little Evelyn as she deserves it. Savvy?



KATHERINE MARGARET KAUT. "Kathie".

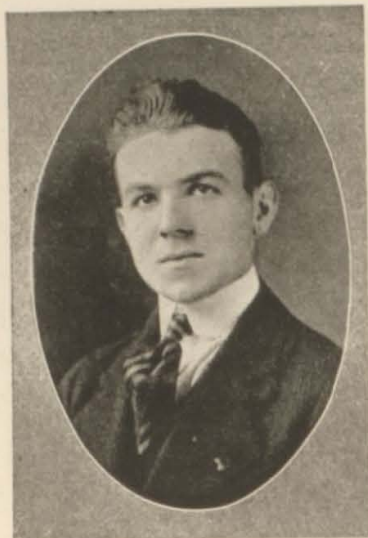
"It is the little things that count".



In this smiling little growth, we introduce a successful combination of fun and study. She is always ready or having some fun, pastime, sport or amusement, at least she seems to be enjoying herself and others immensely. Little "Kathie" is a nice speaker, and possesses one of those translucent voices. After her honorable exit with the Class of '17, she will slowly wend her way to her suburban home, and though she may not come to Rome again, her memory will be most dear.

FRANCIS JOHN LAWLER. "Choppy".

"What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?"



A mere glance at the nearby physiognomy will appeal to the aesthetic sense. Don't get him talking or we will have to close the Annual up right here. This is the Editor of this here book, by gosh! Once he starts ravin', he'll never pause, so let's take a look at him and ask no questions. They say he made a good basket ball manager, and gave Prof. Harris the hallucination that it would be good to appoint all managers. The big words and ideas that emerge from the recesses of "Chop's" dome are deep in mystery, and he is the only one that possesses the key to them. He will never grow a 'stache because of the constant rubbing of his paw over the nether lip which discourages the maturity of the golden braids. His future career will be one rosy pathway lined with Uneeda biscuits and Nabiscoes. Man, o child!

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF. Basket Ball Manager. Desmond O'Moigne in Class Play.

FRANK LEDERFEIND. "Leder".

"Who has met upon the arena".

At last we have found it. Here it is, that marvelous athlete you have been inquiring about. He just came in from Oneida on his motorcycle in 14 minutes, with two others on the machine. Pretty good, eh? In base ball, when Leder swaggers to the plate, the outfielders instinctively move away out in the shade. For some reason, he left the Industrial City for parts unknown some time ago. When we went to Camden we found him and brought him back to his native city again. His term expires June, 1917, and once again he is a free agent.

Base Ball.



JANET GREGG MACADAM. "Jan".

Yo ho! a bonnie lass! Intellectually she is supreme. Personally, she is superb. Outside of that she is human. The human bloodhound has diagnosed the case. Janet is one of the mainstays of the class, and certain learned instructresses will mourn when she departs from their midst. We have been honored by her presence in this institute of knowledge, and she has endeared her memory in the hearts of her classmates. We feel confident that she will be as successful in the cruel, cold world as she has been in her sojourn in R. F. A.

Member of Staff. Valedictorian. Orchestra. Recitation Honor. First Prize, Girls' Slingerland, 1916. VICE PRESIDENT. Boys' Prophet.

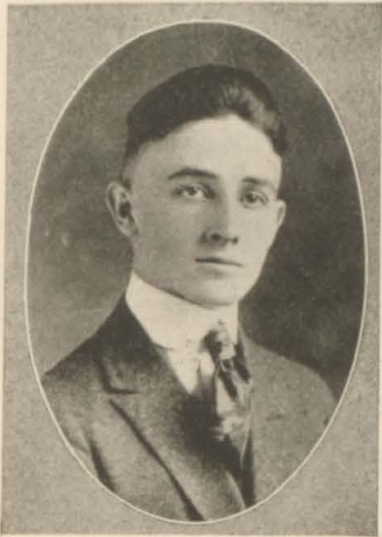


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ANTHONY JOHN MCGARTY. "Mac".

"Bravery never goes out of fashion".



When the call for volunteers to the Navy sounded through the peaceful temples and boulevards of Rome, this youth, inspired with patriotic fervor, offered his services to Uncle Sam and bravely left his home, friends and classmates. His future deeds will be written on the pages of history, but we want his past accomplishments to be written on the pages of this Annual. Cast your eye upon that marble brow, and know that ye gaze not upon terrestrial being. Mac is a poet—a true poet—such as nature rarely bestows. His greatest work is his eulogy on "How Clams Teach Their Young to Expectorate".

Member of Staff. Class Poet. Foot Ball.

GLADYS ELLINORE MARSH.

Behold one of the Class of '17 whose gift of gab is a little moderate. Gladys has spent four quiet, industrious years under the paternal and maternal supervision of the faculty of R. F. A. Altho very quiet by nature her laugh can be heard quite distinctly some distance away, and she always enjoys a good laugh. However, she possesses a few naughty traits. She is very selfish with her affections and confines them solely to one sex, namely, the female. We hope she will recover from this affliction in time. Here's hoping the other one success and happiness.



JAMES HOWARD MOORE. "Dud."

"Let his deeds speak for him. We quote from several sources."



Mark him well. (What's the matter with that spotlight?) He was on his way to the Big Leagues when the call for tillers of the soil startled the nodding students in R. F. A. He threw down his Caesar, his history, and grabbing a hoe and pitchfork, gallantly went forth to sow. And as he sows so shall he reap. We know he shall reap a bountiful harvest, because he is sow good, sow gentle, sow loving. He tells us that he has organized a rural team, with Ma Jersey Cow and Hull Hog the batteries. Here's success to our farm laddie.

Photos by McClusky



HELEN JULIA MURPHY

Have you "Ever-ett" any of Sellick's ice cream? Helen has, she has had Everett right with her, too. Helen is one of our best students, a loyal classmate, and an all around fine girl. She has secured a good education within the famous rooms of R. F. A. and has had an enoyable time along with this feat. And that she may continue her success is our earnest wish.

CATHERINE JANE OLDFIELD.

"A free tongued woman and very excellent at telling secrets".

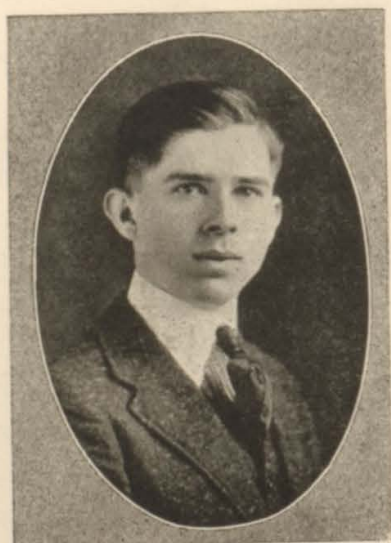
Here's "little" Catherine! We present here another good student, a jolly friend, and a fine songster. Catherine sings in the Glee Club, and also has a reputation as a female Paderewski. She surely can touch the ivories some. Catherine explained the workings of R. F. A. to her Oneida friend one day, and the Oneida girls are all crazy to come to Rome. Whether for study or otherwise we don't know, but feel sure that Catherine helped boost the Class of '17.



EDWIN JOHN PARRY. "Ed".

"Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time".

Another wielder of the hoe. Ed's favorite pastime and amusement now is cultivating his father's thirteen acres. Every Saturday night he comes to town and proceeds to inform his former city acquaintances of his presence. We think he is cut out for a real estate dealer, at least he shows a great interest in houses, or may be he is on the lookout for one House in particular. If you have any questions write them on a piece of paper and the usher will collect them. Thanking you for your kind attention, we extend to Ed our heartfelt sympathies.





EVELYN WELLINGTON RANDOLPH.

Well, well, Wellington! No, this is not a college yell, but we are reciting Evelyn's middle cognomen. She claims one advantage over her fellow classmates, figuratively and metaphorically speaking, that of *avoirduois*. In spite of this she has secured a nifty education within these old halls, and as a speaker, her voice is dove-like. Her affections were cast out upon the waters several times in the past, and, you will remember, anything cast out upon the waters will return. The poor child, so human!

ALBERT ROBERT REESE. "Al".

"Can any king be half so great, so kind, so good as I?"

Gaze upon this intelligent visage, that arched eye. He presents a delightful study to the Complex-Ability fiend. Lanky Al has filled many positions and jobs in his day, among which are Tea and Coffee clerk, Bean swiller at F. S. C. Co., Chief Cook and Bottle Washer in the Mts., Investigator, Clerk and Capt. of Finance at the Rome Chambah. He shows an aptness at percolating intelligence, and scampered away with the Sixth Academic Honor in four heats. He assumed the Asst. Business Managership of this Annual for a time, but outside business connections commanded his sole attention so hence resignation. Please omit flowers.

Sixth Academic Honor.



EDITH BERTHA RICKARD. "Rickie".

"Giggle and the world giggles with you".

No doubt that some day we will read in the papers that "Ricky" has become President of the International Association for the Propagation of Professional Gum Chewers. She is gifted with that precious, altho monotonous, gift of gab. Aside from this "Ricky" is a great financier and has a strong control on "Money". Here's hoping she hangs on to it.





GRACE ELIZABETH RINGROSE. "Gay".

"Gay" was born for a purpose. As yet we have been unable to discover it, but have noticed symptoms of it at times. But tarry, dear readah, glance at this fair damsel's countenance, and take notice of the dreamy eyes that hold the "Reins" tight on "Pete". Grace has been a good student and a regular attendant at class dances, generally snaring one through whose hands thousands of \$ pass in a day, but sorry to state, pass right through. Sill, he may have some of his own some day, so cheer up and be "Gay".

EDNA DOROTHEA RIPLEY.

No, Edna is not an agent of Colgate's Dental Cream, but is bestowing upon you lucky mortals one of her famous smiles which melt men's hearts and ice cream alike. She captured the fastest runner R. F. A. has produced, so judge for yourself. Edna has a smooth way of pulling a bluff and gets away with it cleverly. Nevertheless, she has been an earnest student, and we have all admired her gowns. You know, she designs them herself. Some design,-her.



HAROLD FRANKLIN SCHUE. "Smoke".

"Night after night he sat and bleared his eyes with books".

Stop, look and listen! Behold the manly appearance of this Adonis. A graduate of the Schue School of Physical Torture, he is an inspiration to the young men, and an idol of the fair sex when he performs the exercises prescribed by Miss Yost. His form is architectural, his movements graceful. As a student, he is a shark, although we hear his pater puts up an awful kick every month when the gas bills come around, but we believe that Harold F. will repay him many fold when his school days are over. A jolly forester he would be, so here goes to the tree preserver.

Member of Staff. Girls' Prophet. Butler in Class Play.



Photos. by McClusky

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HARRY LOUIS SEGAL. "Henry".

"No he hath but a little beard".



Captured at last! A chemist and a student, what a wonderful and a rare combination? When a child of tender years he was bitten by a dog, which further proves his title as a bone. (We don't know whether he was tender at that time or not.) To the Editor's knowledge, he is the discoverer that steam is merely water gone crazy with the heat. In Latin, he bids fair to rival his noble sires. As Secretary, he uses Armsby's Code in class meetings. Harry will meet with success in later years, we gamble on that, and don't you forget it.

SECRETARY. Fourth Academic Honor.

CLARA MAY SINCLAIR.

Hello, here is Clara May stuffed down here in the corner all alone. You can bet that she wouldn't be alone if she were at home in the Wheat belt, where she can Seymour boys and girls. Clara is one of Miss MacFarland's understudies, and if she resembles her model any, our good wishes will fall upon good soil. Her record in R. F. A. speaks for itself, just listen a minute and you will hear it as it resembles Clara. Clara says get out, so we must beat it.



LAURA ELIZABETH TYLER. "Tank".

Happy am I! from care I'm free!

Why aren't they all contented like me?

"Tank" fits this quotation just like the Editor's hat does after he gets his hair cut. "Tank" dreams by day, and sleeps by night. Upon authentic authority, we hear that she will have at least 72 counts, thus freeing her from the bondage in which she has been held for some time past, and she walks out a free woman from the scenes of her childhood. One time while following a train of thought, she walked out on a trestle and fell off into a reverie, but survived. Good luck, "Tank".

Glee Club.



Photos. by McClusky



ETHEL MAE WEISS. "Weissie".

And here is little Weissie. Well, well, who'd a thunk it? Welcome to our city. Ethel has been a hard working student for some time and justly deserves the title of R. F. A. '17. Although very quiet in personality, she has ensnared one or more unsuspecting victims and they live to tell it. She could "by-am" and sell 'em before they got wise, because you see she's "weiss" herself. We hope that Ethel will be as successful in the years to come as she has been during her delightful sojourn in R. F. A. Cheer up, the worst is yet to come.

ARTHUR EDWARD WETHERBEE. "Art".

"We know not of what he is the god".

Once more you have the honor of gazing upon this countenance. We reproduce it here by request. Art is our patented Chemistry marvel. You can't beat him out of that job. Art always carries a good line. His latest is rubber teeth. The real Goodrich Non-skid kind. See him first. Art will make a good Bank President, (or Janitor.) He is the author of that pathetic little ditty, "Why Girls Leave Home". All rights reserved. Come one, come all.



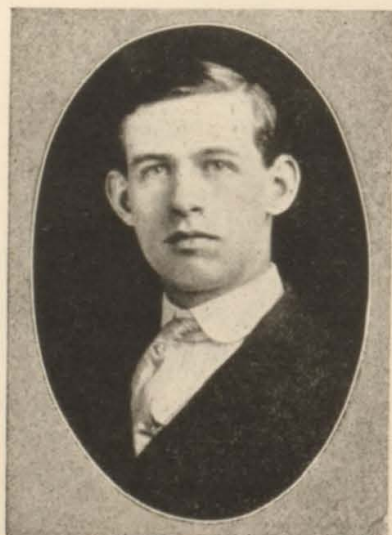
THOMAS FRANCIS WHEELER. "Tom".

"A penny saved is a penny got".

A disciple of Demosthenes,
O founder of a thousand Troys,
Thy mind is sunk in deep seas,
Thou car'st not for our childish joys.

Tom assumed the overalls and went forth to battle the weeds and cobbles. O, for a picture of gentle Thomas arguing with an obnoxious plant to cease its worldly struggles, and let the good seeds grow. We see him in future years swaying the people of Floyd with his convincing logic and translucent speech. Good luck, old top. Your name is last, but not least, of the illustrious classmates who leave old R. F. A. forever, but who will cherish her memory until all worldly strife is o'er.

1st Prize Boys' Slingerland.



CLASS POEM

Dimly showing among the clouds
That cover the deep blue sky,
Penetrating all vapory shrouds
Hangs a cluster of stars attracting the eye.

They sparkle and shine with a brilliant light,
And all the wise men passing by
Behold a star increasing its height,
'Tis the class of '17 rising on high.

Up from the ranks of the grammar school,
This wonderful class ascends;
All striving together to reach life's goal
Where fame and glory ends.

We did not idle away our time
On frivolous foolish things,
But did each duty as it came in line
And now see what just reward it brings.

Don't think our class a bookworm
For that is not our aim;
We took our work and play in turn,
That's how we've won our fame.

In school we worked as students should,
We brought our books home, too,
In order to learn our lessons good
And set example to you.

Language to us is merely play,
In mathematics we shine;
We've studied science day by day
Till we're experts in that line.

So Juniors, Sophs and Freshmen, too,
Just follow in our wake
And you'll be forced to say, "By gosh,
They certainly aren't a joke."

But now the star has reached its goal,
It slowly fades away,
And so the class of '17
Departs from R. F. A.

—A. J. M. '17.



CLASS HISTORY—ANNALS OF '17.

CLASS OFFICERS 1917

TOM H. BARNARD, President
JANET G. MacADAM, Vice President
HARRY L. SEGAL, Secretary
WALTER A. JUERGENS, Treasurer

In September, 1913, the Muse of History started a very important work. In that memorable month he first took quill in hand to start recording the activities of the class of 1917. Since that time he has written much to our credit and but little to our debit. The time is too short to quote much from his bulky volume of our records, but even in these busy joyful times we can look back over the four short years R. F. A. has been graced with our presence.

As Freshmen we truly were prodigies. We first entered this room amid tremendous cheers. How well did they recognize us as worthy members of R. F. A. But on the sad morning after, we were told that cheering the latest greenness was simply a time honored custom. But for all our callow youth we were not inactive. Just before Christmas we decorated the study hall in a way never before attempted. We found it a great success.

In athletics, Victory has always been our hallmark. While Freshmen our class team won the Spalding basket ball cup. Again as Sophomores and as Juniors we came out ahead in basket ball. Always, since the day of our entrance, has our class been well represented on the foot ball, base ball and basket ball teams.

At the last day exercises we were patronized by the departing Seniors. At that time we could not see that Seniors were greatly superior to Freshmen. Now, strange to say, our views on that subject are completely changed. Regents seemed to hold few terrors for us at the close of the first year and few were left behind to despair their fate in the class of '18.

As Sophomores we even surpassed our fine record as Freshmen. We were conspicuous because of our good work. In 1915 we did more than our share in contributing members for the various teams. Then, too, in our Sophomore year we were looking about for some new way in which to improve.

September, 1915, found us as Juniors, our ranks depleted but little by the onslaught of the Regents. As Juniors and Seniors we have been the social leaders of the school. April 28, 1916, is a date made memorable by the work of our class. On that day we gave the best prom ever attempted by a class of R. F. A.

As Seniors we were able to give a Hallowe'en party that has set the standard for years to come. In January we held a very successful sleighride. Our Last Day Exercises were of a kind hard to surpass.

In the two school contests we have always been well represented. In 1916 members of this class were awarded both the Davis prize and the first Slingerland prize. In this year's Slingerland contest certain of our classmates won the first prize for boys, the first prize for girls and the second prize for boys.

We of the class of '17 have established a worthy precedent in the giving of our class memorial. In place of adding to the already plentiful decorations of this building we have devoted our memorial fund to a better cause. In this time of the nation's need we feel that

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loyalty to our school can best be shown in service to our country. Earnestly believing this we have given what ordinarily would be our memorial fund to

Patriotism is very strong in this class. One of our classmates, John McGarty, is now in the navy. One-fourth of the boys in the class are in the farm service. Almost all of the girls of the class are helping in the making of Red Cross supplies.

To leave R. F. A. without a word of appreciation to the faculty would stamp our class with unpardonable ingratitude. Our debt to them is greater than mere words can ever repay. We are bound to them by ties which passing years can not destroy, the unchangeable bonds of affection, which have been growing stronger through each of our four years together. The ties which have joined us to our fellow students will long be strong, but, in the heart of each one of us, there will ever be treasured the grateful memory of the able instructors who have guided us through these four critical years of our lives.

We are now at the end of our days in R. F. A. Before long we shall take our places in the various walks of life, some to the actual work of life, some to preparation for greater service and some to higher education. Whatever brightness R. F. A. has received from the class of '17 is simply a sign of the future illumination that will be hers when the members of this class shall have taken their places in the every day world. Upon the arrival of that day, R. F. A., resplendent in the deeds of her illustrious sons, will stand high in the educational roll of honor.

—L. W. G., '17.

ACADEMIC HONORS. CLASS OF 1917

	Class Average	Examination Average	Final Average
First Honor (Valedictory)			
Janet Gregg MacAdam.....	92.85	90.80	92.17
Second Honor (Salutatory)			
Clayson Wheeler Aldridge.....	90.44	87.28	89.39
Third Honor			
Tom Holden Barnard.....	89.79	86.21	88.60
Fourth Honor			
Harry Louis Segal.....	89.14	81.94	86.74
Fifth Honor			
Thelma Frances Foote.....	88.52	82.35	86.46
Sixth Honor			
Albert Robert Reese.....	86.31	81.11	84.57
Oratorical Honor			
Tom Holden Barnard.....			93.25
Recitation Honor			
Janet Gregg MacAdam.....			93.75

WINNERS IN SCHOOL CONTESTS

Gretchen E. Dillenbeck.....	First Prize Girls' Slingerland
Margaret L. Wallis.....	Second Prize Girls' Slingerland
Thomas Francis Wheeler.....	First Prize Boys' Slingerland
James E. Bird Jr.....	Second Prize Boys' Slingerland
Clayson W. Aldridge.....	First Prize Davis Essay Contest, 1916

SENIOR HALLOWE'EN

Hallowe'en parties may come and go, but the Hallowe'en party staged by the Class of '17 will live forever. And why shouldn't it live? When, in the bright years to come, will another class have the ingenuity to originate a party to rival that memorable one on that bright October evening? What night of extreme pleasure and enjoyment will ever surpass the one spent by the happy Seniors when, accompanied by their fair maidens, they rambled to the distant suburb of Westernville, where in Liberty Hall they held a dance unequaled by any held by any previous class.

Who will ever forget the glad times, the glorious hours, the entrancing emotions that were visible on that delightful occasion? Who can not recall to mind that eventful ride, snugly and comfortably seated in spacious lumber wagons, made luxurious by new-mown hay? What gay visions will rise before those who remember the scampering rush for the door, the warm welcome accorded each and every one by the committee, the expectant walk to the dance hall, the entrancing strains of delightful music, the smooth transition from envious onlookers to interested participants?

Perhaps we have said enough. It would be wise to close our chronicle now, inasmuch as we excited a feeling of envy in those who were unfortunate not to attend, and a pang of regret, yet one of fond remembrances, in the minds of the happy couples who adorned the dreamy village of Westernville with their inspiring presence. Farewell to you, O coming Seniors, profit by the worthy model set you by the Class of '17 and you will never end your thanks to us.

—F. J. L., '17.

SENIOR SLEIGHRIDE

A short interview with the weather man. The magic name "Seniors" is mentioned, and the finest night in February is placed at the disposal of the class of '17. Thus it was on this memorable night in February occurred the festive Senior Sleighride. As I ponder deeply for a moment it faintly comes to me that the Junior Class strongly desired, not to say intended, to have the contemplated scene of our festivities. But, as usual, while some people talked, '17 acted, and Liberty Hall was placed in their hands for the evening.

To say that the prospects for the long ride were fine is to put it mildly. The night air was crisp, and the snow crackled merrily under foot as the happy couples flocked to the meeting place, R. F. A. The moon, which had been veiled for nights past, loomed gloriously into full radiance and enlivened the scene. As the clock indicated that the time was 7:25, the sleighs arrived, much to the delight of the prospective riders. Again the far-seeing Seniors submitted a plan of campaign which demonstrated their ingenuity. A sleigh was provided exclusively for the Juniors and the Chaperones, all of them.

Croesus cracked his whip and we were off in a cloud of snow. The ride was perfect. Everybody was happy and contented. An investigation conducted by the Committee to ascertain whether or not the Chaperones were comfortable was abandoned as a certainty, for the sight of one of them above the heavy blankets was a rare occurrence. At length we arrived—length 13 miles—and everybody helped to wake the little town up from their peaceful slumbers. The piling out process was a hurried affair, and a general rush was made for the Hall. The gate tender, ticket seller, bouncer and card index started business, and he was kept busy.

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The soft strains of music sounded sweetly on the ears of light-footed artists as they assembled in the second story of the Hall, and soon everyone, or everytwo, were skipping gaily about to the fine music provided by the Misses Russell and Wallis.

At twelve o'clock, the first call for supper sounded cheerfully through the building. A second call was not needed. Breaking all precedents, the Food Committee of the Class of '17 had fully and sympathetically appreciated its responsibility, and had provided a delicious and completely adequate repast to resuscitate the weary gliders. In connection with the excellent menu, a little cabaret, featuring Mr. Art. Murphy, was enjoyed by the diners. At one o'clock dancing was resumed with renewed spirit. "Spec" Spellicy, heretofore unknown, won the admiration of the ladies, and the envy of the gentlemen by his game endeavors in the Terpsichorean art.

Finally, at three o'clock, all realized that an evening of such enjoyment and pleasure as that one could not last forever, and it was with pangs of regret that they hustled into their coats and wraps and tore wildly for the sleighs. The ride home was uneventful, that is, the Editor has been unable to find anyone who would impart even the slightest information of what occurred during the homeward journey. Peg Wallis said she was hungry, but then Peg is usually in that condition, so it was all right.

The silent company gradually disbanded until shortly the conveyances were empty, and the driver dared look around. So passed the last and best of the Senior Sleighrides, staged by the Class of '17.
—D. R. A., '17.

JUNIOR PROM 1916

Thoughts of the Junior Prom given to the Class of '16 by the Class of '17 still bring pleasant memories to those who were fortunate enough to attend this social function. The sentiments expressed on that evening that the Class of '17's prom was the best in the history of this precedent have persevered till now, and will endure for all time as one of the gayest social events in the annals of R. F. A.

The memorable event occurred April 28, 1916, and Seegar's spacious Academy was tastefully decorated for the occasion in the class colors, Green and White. The stage was banked with palms and ferns, and as an added feature, a large electric sign "1917" in green and white bulbs adorned this end of the hall. The Grand March was led by the President of the Senior Class, Harry Beach, and Miss Florence Roberts. This proved to be a most charming and pretty scene, and made a profound impression on the large coterie of parents and friends who witnessed the reception from the gallery.

The small hours of the morning found the gliders still enjoying themselves. As yet no one had suggested a departure, but prudence required that the Prom must end some time, and it was with reluctance that the happy couples left the hall on that evening. The thought of an evening's pleasure that could never occur again was sufficient to dismay anyone. And I am sure that when the delightful memories of that evening fill the minds of the lucky ones, a sense of deep appreciation to the Class of '17 will be renewed.

M. A. B., '17.

BOYS' PROPHECY

TIME: A Rainy Evening in June, 1930.

PLACE: Rome Free Academy Art Gallery, Room of 1917.

It has rained, rained all day long, and although it is my first day at home, I just had to slip out and come here to the dear old R. F. A. Art Gallery to see the pictures of my former classmates. The fine new custom of hanging their pictures ten years after their graduation will show me what they have been doing since their triumphant departure from R. F. A.

Well, I shall begin here, and go straight around the walls. Yes, of course it is Tom Barnard—"Lieutenant Colonel Tom H. Barnard, Military Instructor at R. F. A." I remember reading such thrilling accounts of his exploits abroad—to think of his being an instructor! But I've heard that his hobby is veterinary surgery. No doubt, the seed planted in his youth has begun to grow.

"James E. Bird Jr. Editor of the 'Gabriel's Trumpet', Rome's new journal. One of our most ardent reformers. Inventor of the Wireless Instrument for Reading Minds at a Distance". Alas, oh Prof. Boyd, how little you knew what genius lay unawakened in your Physics class!

Next—"The Reverend Clayson Wheeler Aldridge, Curate, assisting the Rev. E. S. Pearce, Rector of Zion Episcopal Church, Rome, N. Y." Can you imagine it. Listen I'll tell you a secret—They say that once during the deep silence of Meditation a sudden unaccountable muffled sound was heard, and that the Rev. Aldridge, seized with a fit of violent coughing, had to leave the Church.—How much will you wager that he had the giggles?

"Harry Louis Segal, M. A., assistant instructor in Classic Literature, Cornell University". Honors are awarded to this brilliant young student erstwhile shark of our Virgil class.

Who can this be? "Our Society Man, Thomas F. Wheeler, Man-About-Town-Winner of the Searle Trophy Cup for fancy dancing". The amorous rascal!

Ah! Here we are! "Francis J. Lawler, Labor Leader, Orator, whose flow of impassioned eloquence has stilled many a violent heart into quiet". The training gained in class meetings must have meant much to Choppy. Not that we were a violent mob—oh no!

"Anthony John McGarty, Naval efficiency expert. Noted for valuable investigations in Chemistry, also for a few poems". Effusions dashed off in the midst of battle, accompanied by the rain of shot and shell. But alas! The frame is vacant, because he is entirely too "occupied" to have his picture painted.

"Albert R. Reese, successor to Wm. A. Searle of the Chambah of Commerce. Rising young business executive. Inventor of the apparatus by which the Ford car runs equally well with or without the engine". "Rising" business man—we don't see how he can rise much farther and still be among us.

"Arthur Wetherbee, a trifle moth-eaten but still all there, enthusiastic bug hunter and student of bugology in general". The general impression of two long legs and a pair of tortoise shell glasses still remains.

"James Wallace Ayars, Architect, designer of the expensive hospital for the 'Rejuvenation of Convalescing Fords', also of the Insane Asylum run in connection with R. F. A. for the care of overworked students. A man whose business ability bids fair to make him a man of money!" No wonder! did he not manage the business of our famous Annual?

"James Wesley Blood, Society editor of the Bingville Warwhoop. An able and efficient news gatherer. He has not been seen since his excellent article on the wedding of

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Miss Madonna Knowles and Mr. Albert Hiltbrand. In some way, he published that the room was tastefully decorated with saliva, instead of salvia.

"Duncan Ross Anderson, Member of the U. S. Senate, Master of debate and Authority upon Parliamentary Law. An energetic, aggressive statesman, whose private hobby is Nature Study. He loves to observe the life and habits of birds and animals in their native habitat".

"Frank Lederfeind, Grand High Keeper of the Mug and Razor, Official Barber to His Imperial Knobbs, the Grand High Mogul of Balaruze. Thrice decorated with the Order of the Pink Suspender by His Imperialistic Majesty. A truly unique character".

"George Bronson, Surgeon-with-the-rank-of-Major, a man of skill, nerve and good judgment. In moments of strain, during the critical moments of operations only, is his flow of wit and eloquence checked for a moment. Noted for his powers of expression".

"The Hon. Harold F. Schue, P. I. Principal of the Homestead Select Seminary for Young Ladies. Just the place to send your daughters. Professor Schue is an authority upon etiquette. His column upon "Correct Manners and Social Usage" in the Bingville Warwhoop rivals "Aunt Mary's Advice to the Lovelorn" in popularity and interest".

"Bert Baker Jr., political leader of the Eighth Ward. Well known for his vigorous campaign against vice, which terminated only when he had accomplished the abolition of tying tin cans on the tails of decrepit dogs and playing marbles at noon upon the Busy Corner".

"Edwin Briggs, the Hermit of Hatch's Corners. The extreme bashfulness of this modest youth led him to seek early in life the hut of the recluse. To him the sound of woman's voice is torture, so great that some say he must have been crossed in love".

"Walter A. Juergens, Professor of Music in the University of Berlin. Nicknamed "The Absentminded". His soul is eternally wrapt in melody, so that even his earthly eyes become blinded to mundane existence".

"Lyndon Willard Graves, author, exponent of the mysterious and ghostly. His stories may become as famous as those of Edgar Allan Poe, whom he admires and copies in many respects. Famous stories, Homer's Ghost, The Skeleton in the R. F. A. Attic, etc".

"Matthew H. Brady, Butterfly of the Metropolis. This enterprising young person is said to have broken more feminine hearts than tongue can tell. His favorite color is still yellow".

"Arthur Jones, inventor of the successful one-man submarine. Instructor of Wrestling in Vernon Center. Author of Serial, Healthful Hints to Wrestlers. It is said that he fashioned his first submarine by means of two Sunshine Biscuits, a can of spaghetti, and a banana. This is not authentic".

"Back-Admiral Howard Moore, who in a submarine with three trusty comrades blew up the German flagship, and 40 others of the fleet, distinguishing himself for his dashing bravery".

"Edwin Parry, aviator, who has made aircraft the only practical means of travel by inventing the motorless propeller, something like wireless only different. So simple a babe could run it".

And so these are my old classmates! How changed are some! But yet, they all show the deep imprint of R. F. A. upon their noble brow. But here comes old George Freson, the guardian of these priceless portraits. In regretful tones he advises that it is time to draw the curtain over the works of art and beauty, and I leave with pangs of remorseful memory.

—J. G. M., '17.

GIRLS' PROPHECY

The hot sultry day drew to a reluctant close. The subdued twittering of birds and occasional cries of wild beasts showed that night was descending on the African jungle.

Under my orders, skillfully executed by my headsman, Fuzzywuzzy, the baggage was neatly piled up and covered for the night. Several small tents began to take form, and soon everything bustled with the preparation for the last meal of the day.

Several months before I had set out upon my expedition into the heart of Africa. I was in the employ of a great scientific society, which having heard of my ability as an explorer, had confided to me the secret of a remote, and hitherto unheard of tribe of white Zulus living in the most inaccessible spot on the Dark Continent.

With me was that eminent scientist and theorist, Prof. John G. Boyd, who firmly believed that somewhere in Central Africa lay an entrance to the center of the earth. As time progressed, I had found that he had another and a secret motive. It appears that the maidens of this strange tribe of white people were renowned for their beauty in their own land. It must be remembered that Prof. Boyd was as yet unmarried and to this add the fact that there is no limit to the number of wives a gentleman may possess in Africa and you have diagnosed the case.

After our plain evening meal, I sat and chatted awhile with my companion, but at last became so disgusted with his chatter that I left him. All he would talk about was whether or not he was likely to make a hit with the ladies. He possessed a mirror and plenty of face powder and rouge, and kept his map radiant with beauty.

Leaving him, I started on my nightly round of the camp, altho it was yet rather early. The natives were squatting in a circle around a large fire, listening to the jingo of one of their number whom they always held in reverence. This superior person was a witch-doctor whose "snake" was reputed to be of great power. The word "snake" in Africa means the same as medicine in the lingo of the Indian. Upon seeing me approach, he stopped his jabber and glared at me sullenly for having interrupted his profitable "spiritual circle". Ignoring his anger, I demanded sharply: "What kind of dope are you pulling off tonight, Sambo? If you keep on scaring the men with your hokus-pokus, I'll have to raise your board bill". "Oh! Baas", he answered gravely, "little do you know of what it hath pleased the gods to confer upon my poor self. You Anglaises do not believe that we black people have powers far greater than yours". As I had plenty of time on my hands, I decided to hang around and see what there was in this African Magic stuff.

The fire had died down leaving a glowing bed of cherry red embers. Stirring these embers with a stick until they blazed anew, he extracted from his snake-skin bag a pinch of white powder which he cast on the blaze. Immediately a dense, white cloud of smoke arose. When it had attained the size of a large bush, I could dimly distinguish vague forms within its depths. As the cloud grew denser, black wisps of smoke took the form of what appeared to be a college dormitory. The walls were covered with flags and snappy pictures. The occupants of the room appeared to be young college co-eds engaged in a midnight feast. At the height of the merriment, the door opened and a person entered the room. The jaws of the young girls sagged, and a scared look appeared on their faces. The newcomer appeared to be the matron of the school, and seemed very angry at this infraction of the rules. After a severe tongue lashing, she pointed toward the door and the culprits filed meekly out. No sooner were they gone than Dean MacAdam sat down to finish the repast. Her satisfaction was rather short-lived for the door swung open and the school janitress entered. My astonishment was complete when I recognized her as

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Catherine Oldfield whom I had known in my good old school days. She sized up the situation at once, and helped herself to a seat. The picture faded leaving both vigorously plying knife, fork and spoon.

Another picture immediately took its place. Thru a crowded city street dashed a patrol wagon. It drew up in front of a station house and three officers alighted with a prisoner. My astonishment at noting that the policemen were in fact policewomen was increased when I recognized in them three more of my High School acquaintances, Mae Colp, Evelyn Randolph and Elizabeth Frey. I now decided that this vision was a sort of family gathering of the feminine contingent of the Class of '17. My supposition was confirmed when I recognized as the unfortunate prisoner, Edith Rickard, who, as I gathered from the lips of the gaping crowd, was none other than Edith, the Angler, whose exploits as a hold-up woman were remarkable. The scene followed the officeresses into the station, where the magistrate, whom I recognized as Gladys Marsh, sent the prisoner over the road for three years in spite of the arguments and threats of the attorney for the defense, Thelma Foote.

At this point the cloud of smoke faded, to reappear when another pinch of powder was cast into the flames. This time the scene opened at the rear of a line of battle. (Of course the war was still on). A large white wagon, bearing a big Red Cross painted on the sides, stood in the trampled grass of the battlefield. Clara Sinclair, Edna Ripley and Ella Mae Baulig, attired in white linen dress with caps to match, were grimly standing around the operating table with long, bloody butcher knives in their hands. Their sleeves were rolled up and presented a business-like appearance. On an operating table, Alice Bascombe and Esther Byam were industriously sawing the leg from a wounded soldier, while Gretchen Dillenbeck was attempting to replace an eye which he had lost in the scrimmage. A bullet-pierced aeroplane swooped down and came to a stop near the field hospital. Marian Beach wearily gave the wheel a twist and stepped to the ground. Mildred Burleigh climbed from the gun tower, and to the eager questions of the officers held up four fingers, which I took to be the number of enemy machines destroyed on that trip.

A sudden puff of wind scattered the smoke. When all had become calm again, I made out the rude interior of a country schoolhouse. The teacher was busily chastising one dirty youngster in the rear with one hand, while deftly removing a bean shooter from another's lips with the other hand. As the teacher turned to remove a tack which a bawling youngster had not noticed when he took his seat, I caught a glimpse of her face. Another R. F. A. '17 classmate—Pernal Fox. Wishing her good luck with her unmanageable flock, I gazed into the next picture.

This vision was even more impressive than the others. It appeared to be a dark, stormy night at sea. Thru the gigantic waves, a warship plowed its path. On the bridge, Captain Ruth Hossfelt, wrapt in a greasy sou'wester, was issuing orders to her two mates, Margaret Gallivan and Evelyn Kapfer. The ship was in a commotion, not only because of the storm, but because a submarine had been sighted. The gunner and the gunner's mate were eagerly scanning the waters. Suddenly they sighted the cannon and threw over a lever. By the flash of the cannon I recognized the gunner as Elizabeth Tyler and her mate was Katherine Kaut. The shot had taken effect. On the submarine, the upper hatch was thrown open and the Kaiser rushed on deck waving his hands and his mustache furiously. Taking advantage of this unusual opportunity, Helen Murphy, Chief Cook and Bottle Washer, threw a fresh pie at his highness with as accurate an aim as the gunners. Suddenly a bell rang and the ship slowed up. Two wet, bedraggled figures appeared on deck. They gave their names as Ethel Weiss and Grace Ringrose, and sure

enough they were my former classmates. They stated that they were fishermen, and that they had purchased a new Ford Fishing Flyer the day before, and being unacquainted with the mechanish, the boat had run away with them and had been hit by the warship. They were being sent below in irons on a charge of vagrancy when the wind, rising suddenly, blew the cloud of smoke away, leaving the glowing embers.

Outside, the night had fallen. Away in the distance sounded the harsh laugh of a hyena; a jackal barked, and a monkey scampered noisily thru the foliage overhead. One by one the stars came out. The natives left me gazing intently into the fire, reflecting on the days gone by when I had enjoyed the queenly presence of those whose forms I had just seen, and wondering what had become of the old school. What had become of the faithful teachers who patiently strove to instill the spark of knowledge into our frivolous and youthful brains? What had become of the old boys of the Class of '17 since we departed in our happy youth? With confidence in the success and happiness of their later careers, the pleasant memories of all lulled me to a gentle sleep feeling that old John Boyd would guard me against the attacks of man or beast.

—H. F. S., '17.

CONSTITUTION

We knowing that this Senior Class is far superior to all others, in order to insure a more efficient organization, do hereby ordain and establish this Constitution:

Article 1—Name—The name of this organization shall be "The Senior Class of 1917 of the Rome Free Academy".

Article 2—Object—The object of this organization shall be to better promote the activities of the Class of 1917 of the Rome Free Academy.

Article 3—Qualifications for Membership—Membership in this organization shall include only the following:

First—All students graded as Seniors in the Rome Free Academy in September, 1916.

Second—Those other than Seniors whose academic records, as interpreted by the principal of the Rome Free Academy, indicate that they probably will be graduated from the Rome Free Academy in 1917.

Article 4—Officers, Their Election and Their Duties—Section 1—The officers of this organization shall consist of President, Vice President, Secretary and Treasurer.

Section 2—Each officer of this organization

(1) Must be a bona fide member of the Class of 1917 of the Rome Free Academy.

Section 3—Election of officers:

(a) Each officer of this organization shall be elected by separate ballot for the term of one year by a quorum of the enrolled members.

(1) A quorum shall consist of the majority of the enrolled members of the said organization.

(b) Any officer may be removed at any meeting by two-thirds vote of the enrolled members of this organization, provided the purpose of such meeting be made known to all enrolled members at least one week previous to such meeting.

(c) A vacancy in any office occurring during the school year may be filled at any meeting of this organization by a majority vote of the enrolled members.

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Section 4—Duties of Officers. President—1. To call meetings. 2. To preside at every meeting. 3. To act as adviser for all committees. 4. To act as chairman of the executive committee. 5. To authorize, by his written signature, the order on the treasurer for the disbursement of all funds. 6. To conduct meetings according to recognized principles of parliamentary law.

Vice President—1. To perform the duties of the President when the said President shall be unable to perform the duties of that office. 2. To act on the Executive Committee.

Secretary—1. To take accurate minutes of every meeting. 2. To call the roll at the beginning of every balloting meeting. 3. To keep an accurate list of all regular members of this organization. 4. To authorize, by his written signature, the order on the Treasurer for the disbursement of all funds. 5. To attend to all regular correspondence pertaining to all business and social affairs of this organization. 6. To act on the Executive Committee.

Treasurer—1. To have charge of all the finances of this organization, paying out money only on receipt of a written order, signed by the President and Secretary of this organization. 2. To make monthly report to this organization of the financial condition of said organization. 3. To act on the Executive Committee.

Article 5.—Committees—Section 1. The General Executive Committee shall consist of the officers of this organization.

Section 2. A committee of three members elected by the class shall constitute a Committee on Committees, having the power to appoint all committees deemed necessary by the President of this organization.

Article 6—Amending the Constitution—This constitution may be amended at any meeting of this organization by two-thirds vote of the members enrolled, provided notice of such proposed amendment be given to the enrolled members at least one week in advance of said meeting.

CLASS POEM

Dimly showing above the clouds
That cover the deep blue sky,
Penetrating all vapory shrouds
Hangs a cluster of stars attracting the eye.

They sparkle and shine with a brilliant light,
And all the wise men passing by
Behold a star increasing its height,
'Tis the class of '17 rising on high.

Up from the ranks of the grammar school,
This wonderful class ascends;
All striving together to reach life's goal
Where fame and glory ends.

We did not idle away our time
On frivolous, foolish things,
But did each duty as it came in line
And now see what just reward it brings.

Don't think our class a bookworm
For that is not our aim;
We took our work and play in turn,
That's how we've won our fame.

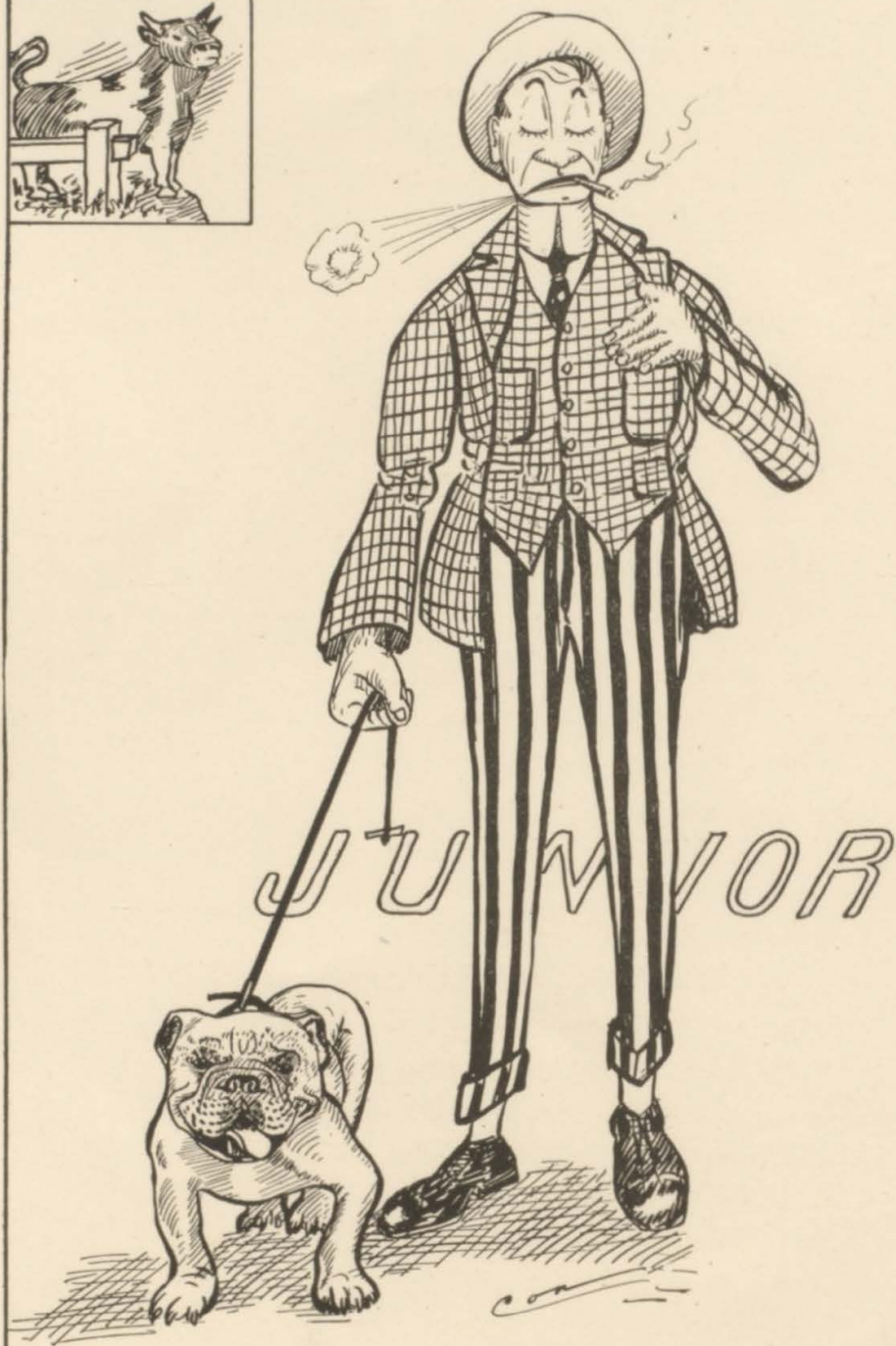
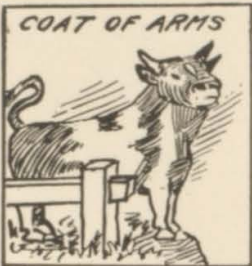
In school we worked as students should,
We brought our books home, too,
In order to learn our lessons good
And set an example for you.

Language to us is merely play,
In mathematics we shine;
We've studied science day by day
Till we're experts in that line.

So Juniors, Sophs and Freshmen, too,
Just follow in our wake
And you'll be forced to say "By gosh,
They certainly aren't a joke".

But now the star has reached its goal,
It slowly fades away;
And so the class of '17
Departs from R. F. A.

—A. J. M., '17.



CHAP. III.

JUNIOR CLASS HISTORY

President—emerald scully
Vice President—beatrice townsend
Secretary—dorothy waldo
Treasurer—michael mcMahon

Of all the classes that are smart,
And of our school the queen,
There's one—the darling of our heart—
And that is class eighteen.
We entered here without a spot,
And still our record's clean;
Another class may have a blot,
But none for class eighteen.

As freshmen we were wondrous wise,
And nary one bit green.
For Indoor Track there was a prize—
'Twas won by class eighteen.
In basket ball we did compete
With classes tall and lean.
We sent the Seniors to defeat,
For such was class eighteen.

As Sophomores we were unexcelled,
A finer class ne'er seen.
Our foot ball heroes honors held—
Thus ever class eighteen.
To orchestras we gave our share,
Enchanting was the scene
Of our musicians tall and fair
Lined up for class eighteen.

And now as noble Juniors, we
With lofty minds and keen
A sleighride planned—a night of glee,
Who else but class eighteen?
Our Junior Prom we must admit
Large fortunes did not glean,
But Seniors did not care a bit
Nor even class eighteen.

In Slingerland we took a prize.
There's nothing small or mean
About the words, the deeds, the size
Of next year's class—eighteen.
And now our chronicles we close
With heart and mind serene,
We claim all friends, we've made no foes,
Our own dear class eighteen.

—D. E. W., '18.

COAT OF ARMS



CHAP. II.

[Signature]

HISTORY OF 1919

President—donald c. barnard

Vice President—matilda hart

Secretary—leroy jones

Treasurer—priscilla beach

In the month of September, 1915, the Rome Free Academy was highly honored to accept as students, the largest and most brilliant? class that ever trampled the grass in front of the building or who ever left their bicycles at the side of the noble structure.

Our welcome was a hilarious one. Though the day was dark as we entered the study hall for the first time in our youthful existence, the effect of our entrance was remarkable. A stern looking man, carrying a black mustache, walked over to one side of the room and pressed two buttons. He had turned out the light which was necessary ere we had appeared upon the scene. Hence, you can readily understand me when I say the class of 1919 is a bright one. Our appearance in the large room, under the piercing gaze of Mr. Harris, occasioned prolonged exultation. We accepted the plaudits of the older students modestly.

Meanwhile, we were mastering the mysteries of Algebra, dissecting the Latin jumble of words, and were making a record for ourselves. We learned what unprepared lessons meant, and rectified this unpardonable error hastily. We charged into the examinations fearlessly, and emerged victorious, altho, sad to relate, we had to leave a few of our former comrades wrecked on the shoals of Regents. Now, this class enjoys the honor of the rank of Sophomores, and are looking forward to the day when the title of Juniors will be thrust upon us. Fortunately, in our vaulted ambitions, we are not groping around in the dark for ideals. We have but to look to the Class of '17 in order to appreciate what attainments a class should realize to deserve the honor of an alumni of R. F. A. We shall follow closely the model set by the Class of '17, and, with Dame Fortune smiling upon us, we may partly obtain the "impossible".

—D. C. B., '19.

The Ten R. F. A. Commandments:

- I—Thou shalt place nothing before thy studies.
- II—Thou shall not chew gum in the study hall.
- III—Thou shalt not leave thy seat during concentration period.
- IV—Remember thy report card—to return it at once.
- V—Honor, love and obey the Class of '17.
- VI—Thou shalt not stand in ye senior aisle before school starts.
- VII—Thou shalt not be absent or tardy more than six times per term.
- VIII—Thou shalt not loiter between classes.
- IX—Thou shalt not bluff through classes.

X—Thou shalt not whisper during study periods.

Be as faithful to the last as a cobbler.
A Chinese laundry ticket is but a mark of irony.

Doing nothing is doing yourself.
It's an ill wind that blows out your last match.

The idle man is no man's idol.
No one is going to get into Heaven on his pastor's recommendation.

Time will only hang up his scythe when he is no mower.

The man who sat down on the spur of the moment will not do so again.

Prof. Boyd wouldn't have found that new moon if Mars hadn't satellite out for him.

COAT OF ARMS



FRESHMAN

CHAP. I.

HISTORY OF CLASS OF 1920

President—oakley agan
 Vice President—elizabeth mcadam
 Secretary—ruth carr
 Treasurer—madison jackson

In the memorable month of September, in the year 1916, there entered the glorious portals of R. F. A. for the first time graduates of Prof. Barringer and Prof. Lowerre whose names will ring throughout the halls in years to come as did the names of the many renowned students who have preceded us in their quest for knowledge. We feel that this prophecy will be realized because we all hold in our hearts the loyalty and devotion that other classes have held in the past, and to maintain and uphold this standard are ready to fight and die for it.

We remember our first appearance in the study hall. Carefully guided by Prof. Welton we found our way to the second floor and entered the big room. Such a tumultuous scene of welcome and joy was never accorded even a famous general on any occasion as the one we received on that fateful day. From then on we have doubly repaid those who welcomed us for the first time by our good work along mental and physical lines. Our representatives on the athletic fields were instrumental in the triumph of R. F. A.

During the Christmas holidays, we tastefully decorated the study hall with holly wreaths and mistletoe, which created a genuine spirit of the time in the school.

Our first year is now ended, and we enter the examinations with confidence in our ability, and with the vision of assuming the rank of Sophomores next year. We preserve as our ideal the record of the class of '17 and our vain hope is to end our school days in the glorious manner in which that class is ending their four successful years.

—O. H. A., 1920.

A tombstone inscription is often a grave error.

Even an angler must not forget his lines.

An aviator may be a prohibitionist and yet take a drop too much.

There is nothing that beats a good wife except a bad husband.

Some men are keeping an automobile on a wheelbarrow income.

Wheeler advises us to "Always try to keep one's heart a little softer than one's head".

A greedy person is one who wants everything you want.

Here's a toast to R. F. A.

And long may she stand;

Her faculty much honored,

The best in the land.

Here's a health to her students,

There are none her peers,

So come, all together;

Let's give to her three cheers!

J. W. A. '17.

Can You Imagine

Wes. Blood.....	A policeman
Elizabeth Frey.....	An artist's model
Janet MacAdam.....	An acrobat
Clay Aldridge.....	A bartender
Art Wetherbee.....	A farmer
Walt Juergens.....	A dancing master
Ross Anderson.....	A tramp
Jimmie Ayars.....	An orator
Harry Segal.....	A judge
Johnie Querilo.....	A steeple-jack
Harold Rathbone.....	A bouncer
Rosie Briggs.....	A college professor
Chop Lawler.....	A country parson
Jim Bird.....	A boot-black
Frank Lederfeind.....	A pacifist
Lyn Graves.....	An optimist
A pretty girl.....	In the faculty
Mil Burleigh.....	A waitress at Stanwix Hall
Mae Colp.....	A nurse

SLINGERLAND CONTEST

The Fourteenth Annual Slingerland Prize Speaking Contest was held in the Assembly Hall of the Academy on Friday evening, March 9, 1917.

The program opened with a selection by the orchestra. Principal Harris, presiding over the contest, introduced as the first speaker Pernal Margaret Fox, who chose for her selection "The Story of Patsy" by Kate Douglas Wiggin. The pathetic story was told with much charm and sympathy, and greatly pleased the audience.

The next speaker, Margaret Luella Wallis, presented a scene from "The Lion and the Mouse" by Charles Klein. The tense, dramatic atmosphere was vividly portrayed by the young speaker, and received the hearty commendation of her listeners.

Gretchen Emogene Dillenbeck delightfully rendered "An Arrangement of Act III of 'Jeanne D'Arc'", by Percy MacKaye. Her voice was sympathetic and emotional, her actions modulated and graceful, and her artistic rendition of this difficult selection won for her the praise of her audience.

"Queen Guinevere" by Tennyson, was very prettily given by Katherine Margaret Kaut. Her true interpretation and dramatic feeling deeply impressed her listeners, and received outspoken compliments.

The audience was charmed by the manner in which Adelaide Mara Jones gave "The Soul of the Violin", by Merrill. Her skillful interpretation of the intense emotions depicted by her selection placed her in line for the hearty applause and admiration of her many friends.

The orchestra rendered an excellent overture, which was followed by declamations.

Humphrey D. Williams was the first of the young men. The manner in which he gave the declamation, Boys of America, elicited the hearty applause of his audience. His manner was convincing, his logic clear, and his voice and gestures natural.

The next speaker was Duncan Ross Anderson, who rendered the difficult selection, Gentlemen, the King, with ease and grace. His voice was clear and persuasive, and his actions as a whole indicated a natural talent as an orator.

The orchestra entertained with a number, Poor Butterfly. Speaking confidently, Errol Reamore gave The Supreme Opportunity for America in a manner which won the favor of his listeners.

James E. Bird, Jr., in stirring words, gave the address of President Wilson—Peace Without Victory. The manner in which the speaker portrayed the thoughts of our President deeply impressed the audience.

The last speaker, Thomas Francis Wheeler was quite at home with his declamation, Mr. Britling See It Through. His voice and manner were in harmony with his words, and his graceful gestures and emotions readily found themselves into the admiration of the assemblage.

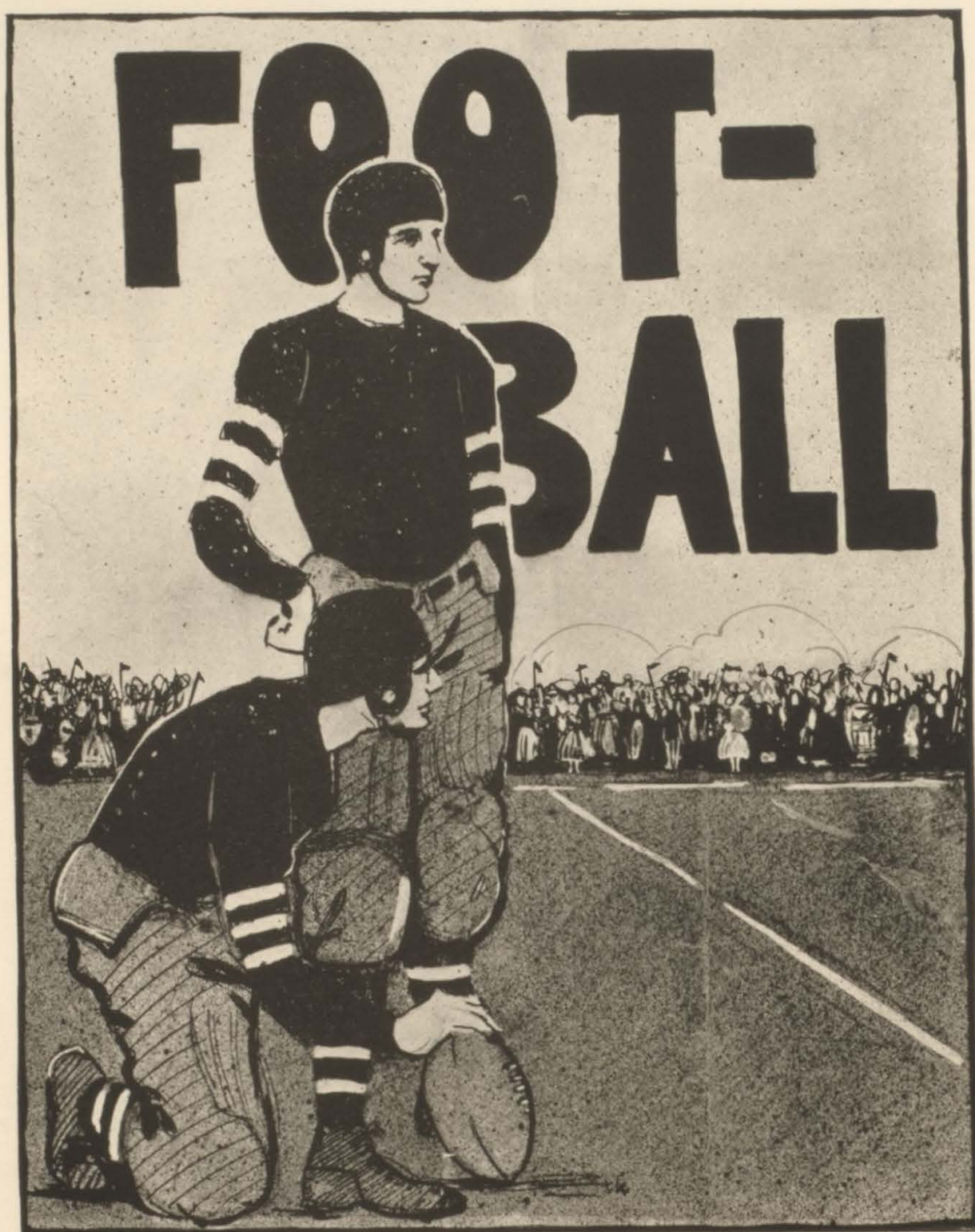
After his declamation, the judges, Miss Lydia Jones of Geneseo Normal School, Principal Louis A. Thayer of Little Falls High School, and Principal Maurice H. Olmstead of Camden High School, retired to select the winners. After a long conference, made more pleasant by the orchestra, they returned and made their decision, through Principal Thayer, which met with unanimous approval as follows:

First Prize of \$20, for Girls.....	Gretchen E. Dillenbeck
Second Prize of \$10, for Girls.....	Margaret Luella Wallis
First Prize of \$20, for Boys.....	Thomas Francis Wheeler
Second Prize of \$10, for Boys.....	James E. Bird, Jr.

Now we come to the end of the road,
In the future we travel alone;
Never again shall we feel the load,
Eased by hands gently guiding our own.
Though the future shall cast us apart
Every road in a different way bend;
Each year passing by still can find in our heart
Not a thing that surpasses a friend.

So we pause for a long last look
E'er we answer our destiny's call,
Very carefully placing in this, our book,
Everything that belongs to us all.
Nowhere else may you see some face
That has always been friendly to you,
Each one is assigned to a different place,
Each a different way to pursue.
Now upon our work we

Request, that it is
For you, Oh, Book, wherever you go
Always call to mind a forgotten friend.



CHARLES SHARROW, Manager.

JAMES KERNAN, Captain.

FOOT BALL 1916-17

R. F. A.	6	Oneida	0x
R. F. A.	53	Adams	0
R. F. A.	0	Syracuse Central	0
R. F. A.	0	Binghamton High	33x
R. F. A.	7	Morrisville Aggies	0
R. F. A.	0	Syracuse North High	12x
R. F. A.	14	Oneida	0
R. F. A.	13	Utica F. A.	3

x Out of town.

We were presented, very happily, with letters written by an R. F. A. student to a friend, a former R. F. A. pupil, now serving with the Foreign Legion of the French Army on the Western front.

Those which dealt directly with the football season of 1916 were selected and are being published for your pleasure. Editor.

Dear Bob:

I hope this letter reaches you as you are crawling into your dugout to snooze amid that "music of the shells" you speak about. We're off, my boy, yes off to a glorious start. The little runts you spoke of in your last effusion journeyed to the land of Olney's Catsup and trimmed those lads just the way you polished off those gents from the "Vaterland" the other day. He had all the side issues, too. You know, that of the persuasive order. They played like little fiends and I wouldn't be surprised to be a bearer at a funeral of a neighbor we all love(?) this fall. Well, so long, Bobby. Just paint Rome 6, Oneida 0 on a rag and float it into Deutschland for us. Yours,

Dick.

Dear Bob:

Did you really do it? I told the boys before the game last Saturday. I know you heard them cheer. I bet that banner scared the Germans. So you gained 6 rods on them. Well, it filled our boys with pep to get line from you.

Remember Adams? No—No, the place up in the far north, where you lost your hat last summer. They came down here Saturday. I thot we were about to execute a strategic retreat, but shaw, they were easy. We massed attacks on their left and right flanks. Slammed the artillery thru the center and then started the aero squadron out. Guess the score was 53-0. I lost track but an Adams fellow said it was that. He ought to know.

Goodbye Bobby, they may have your hat but we have their scalp.

Yours,

Dick.

Dear Bob:

So you just about held your own in that last scrap? Didn't have the reserve trained up to the key, eh? That was just our luck Saturday. (Oct. 21).

Those lads from "Salt Land", Centralites they called themselves, came down to talk things over. Captain "Stubby" Kernan stopped one of their "seige guns" and was laid on

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the shelf, as his shoulder wouldn't stand the strain. We would get in their first line trenches and then we would get out. They would get in ours and then—they would get out. We filed up the reserves, but they were rookies and didn't know just how to behave after we had their "barb wire" cut and consequently the fracas ended a tie.

Spill a tear or two Bobby, as they don't dare send the same regiment against us again, 'cause we would wallop them.

Yours,
Dick.

Dear Bob:

Isn't that liquid fire a scorcher? Yep, we ran into a valley of it in our Binghamton campaign. Boys were tired from the long hike, too. Say it happened last Saturday, Oct. 28, when "Hans" sprang that new stunt on you. Well we have our scientists on the job and when we find a cure, we'll let you know. No more 28-0 retreats for us.

Yours,
Dick.

Dear Bob:

Isn't it funny how some troops with a little training spring a surprise and capture the bacon? That sure was hard luck for you fellows, to get the gate closed in your face just as you had your hands on them.

I know just how you feel, we had the same mishap. We rammed those Morrisville Cadets on Nov. 11 to end of Kingdom come and gained six milestones when something happened and by the time we had blown away the fog they had them back again and we ended the day hewing at each other's barb wire.

Morrisville and those Prussians must have started life in the same phase of the moon.

Yours,
Dick.

Dear Bob:

So you have the mud fever? Well, take a tip from your friend, Dick, there is mud over here. We sent our battalion by forced marches to Syracuse and there entrenched ourselves against the North Highites. We were all right while we were in our own trenches. All right except for the mud. Mud! Why every "kid" in Syracuse was sore because we could make more mud pies than they could. The bugle sounded the advance and the Roman Brigade wallowed out of their muddy trenches. The Northerners charged and by thunder we began to slip. We lay down and were stuck in the mire, and by us they ran. Yes, sir! they ran for two touchdowns and if I ever get to that land again I will wear stilts. It ain't fair to stick the other fellow fast and then tease him.

Yours in mud,
Dick.

Dear Bob:

You are right again. Yes, it was the same platoon we jammed in the nose the first battle of the year. I couldn't tell you about it before as it only happened Saturday, Nov. 18. You sure dreamed it.

Marshal Banks sent the reserve in with a couple regular Corporals 'cause our regulars went off in quest of food and shelter the night before and when discovered the next

morning were just retreating to the merry tune of dance music. So the commander-in-chief floated in the reserves and they didn't stop for anything but their breath and that was after the battle.

Must close now as the boys say all men must turn in early from now on 'cause the Uticans are advancing in considerable numbers.

Yours,
Dick.

Dear Bob:

Oh Bobby! I wish that you had been here. Utica arrived with the full quota, legal? advisers, and all. At first we thot the campaign would be another mud harvest but by strategic moves the Generals in charge of our forces got "Old Sol" and the Weather Man on our side and the Battle Plain was fine when the advance was sounded.

There was blood in the air, Bobby. Our artillery limbered up. The Roman Aero squadron floated here and there, doing terrible execution. Several times we floated into the coveted city but the neutrals wouldn't let us have the spoils. Then we ran out the "Tanks" and oh joy, joy, joy. Can't you hear it? The echo of those cheers. Why man, alive they were just riddled—

Can't write any more now 'cause I am celebrating.

Yours,
Dick.

Dear Bob:

The war is over. Last night the boys passed in review before the public and then tackled a feed given them by Mr. James A. Spargo.

Say, but didn't the spirit run high. Why even "Stub" Kernan made a rattling good speech. The whole team was there and they were all battling in the first line trenches. No army in existence could have dislodged them.

Do you want to know the team? Well here goes:

"Stubby" Kernan
"Tubby" Sharrow
"Jimmie" Spargo
"General" Lee
"Mac" McGarty
"Frankie" Wallis

"Spec" Spellicy
"Curly" Reamore
"Bubby" Maxted
"Red" Scully
"Larry" Kennedy
"Edg" Money

I wouldn't be surprised to see Rome victorious again next year, because "Jimmie's" father said he would buy again if we won.

Yours,
Dick.





R. F. A. Foot Ball Team 1916-17.

THE CHARGE OF THE BRAVE ELEVEN

Half a yard, half a yard,
Half a yard onward.
O'er that field so hard
The eleven surged forward.
Forward their way they made,
"Farther" the captain said,
And over that field so hard
Surged the brave eleven.
Forward their way they made,
Was there a player dismayed?
Not one though they made but a yard
Instead of seven.
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do or die.
Over that field so hard
Surged the brave eleven.

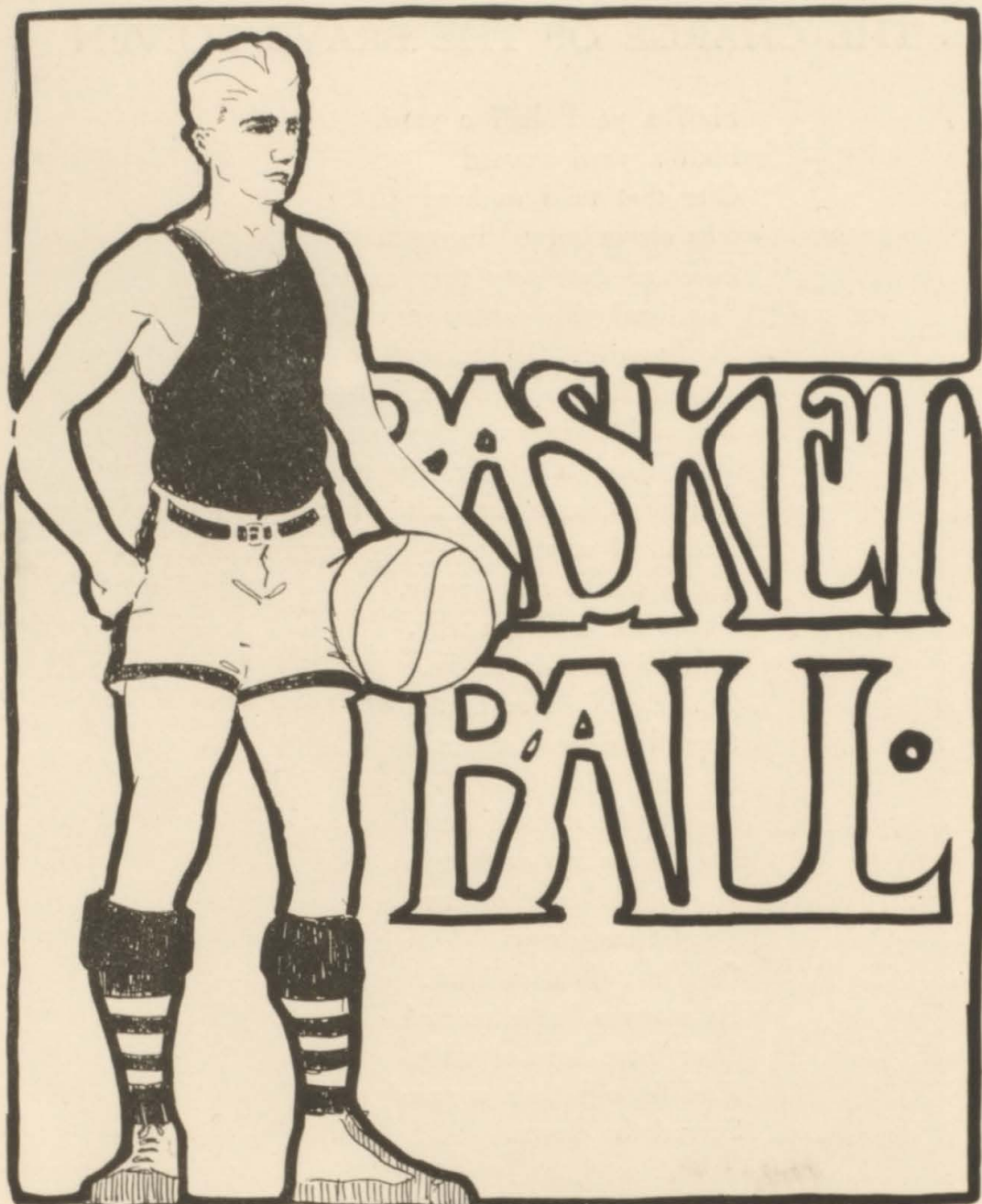
Foes to the right of them,
Foes to the left of them,
Foes in the front of them
Fought our eleven.
Over that field so hard,
By many a battle marred,
Over those lines of white
And through their enemies' guard
Surged the eleven.

And thru that long hard game,
Stiff and bruised and lame
But fighting gamely just the same
Surged the brave eleven.
Thirteen was the score they made,
Though hard their opponents played
Three was the score they made,
And Utica was beaten by
The brave eleven.

When can their glory fade?
Oh! the wild fight they made!
Let their glory reach Heaven.
Honor the fight they made,
Honor the game they played,
That noble eleven.

—A. J. M., '17.

Parody on the "Charge of the Light Brigade".



Basket Ball was successfully carried on during the 1917 season by one of the best teams that ever represented Rome Free Academy in the basket ball net. The quintet that wore the orange and black and carried the honor and prestige of R. F. A into foreign territory is one that will go down in history in recognition of their excellent work. Captained by James Kernan, the five developed into a remarkable combination of artists, and by their skillful passwork and teamwork, coupled with uncanny ability to cage the ball from all angles and distances, they closed their schedule with the excellent record of five victories in seven struggles, and with the unique distinction of winning every game played on their home court.

Time slipped by so rapidly when the students were engrossed in their studies and preparing for their January examinations that it was a matter of doubt whether we were to be represented in this branch of athletics, but the presence of such promising material obviated any objections to such glorious project. James Kernan, the football star, was selected to captain the quintet, and Francis Lawler was appointed by Principal Harris to assume the responsibilities of manager, and he immediately arranged a fine schedule of games, calling for four home games and three out-of-town games.

Jan. 13 was selected by the Manager as the date for the opening contest, and the Oneida High School five arrived in Rome as the guests of R. F. A.. In the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium, before a large and enthusiastic bunch of rooters, Capt. Kernan's proteges

put up such an effective passing and shooting game that a glance at the scoreboard after the final whistle revealed the fact that R. F. A. had been victorious in their initial contest by the promising score of 38 to 12.

The Clinton High School team pranced out on the gym to the tune of the Old Grey Mare on the following Saturday, Jan. 20. For this occasion, Manager Lawler had secured the Rome Regimental Band of 15 pieces, led by Merritt Bradt, to enliven the game by their inspiring music. Both teams put up a fast game, and the contest was featured by the lightning passwork and deadly basket shooting of all participants. When all had calmed down after forty minutes of clever basket ball, Louis Van Slyke's accurate figures on the scoreboard pointed to another victory for R. F. A. by a 32 to 20 score.

On the evening of Feb. 1, the R. F. A. squad, accompanied by the band, got on board the 7:07 for Oneida, where in Jacobs' Academy they gave the Oneida boys a chance for revenge. However, this was not forthcoming, for in an interesting contest, the Oneidans felt themselves gradually losing until they found themselves taking the sad part of a 31 to 12 score. This victory was the third consecutive one for R. F. A.

The State Armory at Auburn may be a good place to drill in, but as far as basket ball is concerned, playing in a big field would resemble it in some respects. When the Rome boys walked into this large amphitheater on Feb. 3, they could see dimly what they were up against. Playing on a court about five times as big as the ordinary court, they found it quite hard to get together, and hence, this game with the Auburn H. S. team proved to be the first defeat for the Orange and Black of the season. Our diminutive players seemed strangely out of place alongside of the husky athletes of Auburn. The first half ended in a 13 to 13 tie, and whether the number thirteen had anything to do with it or not, the final score showed a 29 to 15 victory for our opponents. The team put up a fine exhibition of good, clean basket ball, and afforded the Auburnites an opportunity of seeing what qualities an R. F. A. athlete possesses.

Feb. 10 witnessed the coming of Herkimer High School to our court, and that same night also witnessed their departure, sad and dejected, carrying the small portion of a 24 to 17 score. This game was one of the fastest played throughout the year. R. F. A. was always on the aggressive, and battled gamely against the strong defense of the Herkimer boys. By this victory, we somewhat retrieved our late misfortune, and once more we were joyful.

In the peaceful village of Hamilton we found our second Jonah. The heavy Hamilton High School team led us into the Colgate University gym on the evening of Feb. 10, and there defeated us in a fast struggle by a 42 to 25 score. The first half ended with the score a tie, 18 to 18, but the second half ushered in disastrous results for us. We put up a fine passing and shooting game, but our weighty opponents were more successful in caging the ball.

Our old friend, Ralph Spinning, brought his classmates from Hamilton College to the town of his birth, and we trimmed them up to a 25 to 14 tune. This team came with a fine reputation as artists of the first class, and the score indicates that they met a team that belonged to the class just above first-class. Both teams played hard and fast, and the game was punctuated by spectacular plays. This game successfully ended our season, and we submit our record for the year to you with pride and exultation.

We scored 189 points to our opponents' 146. Capt. Kernan was our heaviest scorer and mainstay, although all the players are justly deserving of praise in recognition of their excellent work throughout the season, and all claim that they are proud to be members of the team which represented Rome Free Academy on the basket ball court in 1916-17.

—F. J. L., '17.



Basket Ball Team 1916-'17.

ATHLETICS

FACULTY MANAGERS

Base Ball	Mr. W. D. Welton
Foot Ball	Mr. J. G. Boyd
Basket Ball	Mr. W. D. Welton

STUDENT MANAGERS

Base Ball	Edwin Briggs
Foot Ball	Charles Sharrow
Basket Ball	Francis J. Lawler

CAPTAINS

Basket Ball	James Kernan
Foot Ball	James Kernan
Base Ball	Erroll Reamore

FRANCE DAY

The 140th anniversary of the day that Lafayette embarked from France to aid America in her struggle for Independence, was appropriately celebrated in the Academy on France Day, April 26, 1917. The patriotic exercises were held in accordance with a request of the State Department of Education.

The assembly hall was decorated for the memorable occasion. On the platform, the French Flag and Old Glory floated triumphantly together, waving in harmony over the heads of youthful Americans whose devotions to both were consecrated. The program opened with the singing of America by the student body, all standing.

Principal Harris then read a communication from John H. Finley, Superintendent of the State Department of Education urging the carrying out of a patriotic program in the schools of the State. Principal Harris also read the proclamation of Governor Whitman calling on the loyal people of New York State to observe the day.

Miss Margaret A. Strickland, teacher of elocution at the Academy, read the message delivered by President Wilson to Congress on the second of April. Miss Strickland read the message in a forceful and masterly manner and its text was carefully absorbed by the students.

Ralph Kent read an ode to Champagne, a toast to those who fell gallantly fighting for France and whose final resting place is in the Champagne district of France. Following his excellent reading, the student body enthusiastically sang the national hymn of France, the Marseillaise. William Hughes dramatically read an ode in memory of the brave American volunteers who have sacrificed their lives that a democracy might endure.

Superintendent of Schools Staley explained why France Day was celebrated in the United States. He told in flowing words the spirit of gratitude due France for what she had done for the United States at the time of the Revolutionary War. His remarks were followed by the singing of the Star Spangled Banner with all the vim and enthusiasm that loyal young Americans can exercise.

This closed the program as arranged but Principal Harris thought it necessary and right to let the French Banner float in the breeze with Old Glory. The students marched

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out on the lawn in front of the school, and surrounded the flag pole. The Stars and Stripes were lowered, the French Flag was attached to the pole, and both were elevated to the breeze by Tom H. Barnard, President of '17. As the flags reached the top of the pole, the students saluted both emblems and the exercises for the day were over.

F. J. L. '17

FARM CADET SERVICE

When thoughtful Uncle Sam foresaw the dangers of a food shortage he issued a call to all loyal Americans to cultivate their farms and gardens and raise sufficient food to support our people. This appeal came directly to the young men attending High Schools and preparatory schools throughout the country. Rome Free Academy and its students abound in patriotism and loyalty and a feeling of duty and reliance surged over many of the young men searching for knowledge in the school. Accordingly, they valiantly offered their services to the farmers and gardeners in this section and left school and the pleasures of their young lives to live the hard-working life of a farmer. The honor and glory of R. F. A. has been established and maintained along many lines, but this crisis in the world's affairs offered the first opportunity for representatives of the school to carry the prestige of their Alma Mater into this branch of service. They immediately accepted Uncle Sam's plea, donned the costume of a farmer, and went to work with all the vim and vigor of their young muscles. Their earnest labors have given their employers a good idea of the young men who gain their education and fundamentals of citizenship in R. F. A.

The following is a list of the patriotic members of R. F. A. who have cheerfully "done their bit" to keep this country in food:

James Wesley Blood	Lester F. Infanger
Bert Baker, Jr.	Le Roy C. Jones
James Howard Moore	Donald Lee
Edwin John Parry	Charles Levison
Thomas Francis Wheeler	Leslie W. Martin
Merritt Bradt	Ralph Kent
Fred E. Brush	Robert P. Noble
J. Eames Christman	Willard T. Racha
Leland B. Conant	Elden A. Schue
Waldo E. Dillenbeck	Alton H. Smith
Stewart Howard Evans	James Spellicy
William Hughes	

JUNIOR RECEPTION 1917

Talking over the Prom May 11th—

"Wasn't that a wonderful dance last night? I had the loveliest time".

"So did I. Didn't you think the hall was beautifully trimmed with purple and gold? That class of '18 is certainly progressive!"

"My mother said the grand march was lovely from the balcony. Julia and Tom Barnard led it, you know".

Barnard led it, you know".

"I wonder where they got their punch. Some member of the class must know where those things are bought. Um-m, but it was good".

"In fact, taking everything into consideration, I think it was the best Prom I have ever attended and I have been to many of them".

—D. E. W., '18.

LETTER FROM A FARM CADET.

On the Old Farmstead, N. Y.
May 15, 1917.

Dear Schoolmate:

My first day as a farmer has ended, and the grateful shadows of evening are dropping slowly on the rustic horizon. I reached here last night, and my first peep out of the window this morning at five a. m. enabled me to get some idea of my whereabouts. Well, to the cheerful music of a dollar alarm clock, I crawled out of the downy bed. In the early gloom of morning, I groped my way around the place where I thought I deposited my clothes the night before. After seriously injuring myself and several chairs, I relieved myself of my September Morn situation, and adapted myself to a May morn on a farm. Following one of the hired men, I hied out to the cow barn to milk. The night before I had entered into the rural conversation confidently, and had talked with the ease of an expert along those lines, but now I was to assume a position I did not know the first thing about. My companion, John, passed the word to me that I was to milk five of the cows, and he was going to milk six. Good Night! Me milk five cows! Why, I thought milk came in bottles and cans, because I never saw any except in the above containers. Well, Steve Brody took a chance, and so did I. I planked my little three-legged stool on the left-hand side of the animal, and pushed the trembling pail between my knees. Or perhaps my knees were shaking. I don't know. After this was done, I waited and waited, but failed to perceive any milk. In amazement, I hollered at the other fellow and asked him what was the matter with the cow. Perhaps she was sick that day. Well, by the way that poor mutt laughed, he certainly got my goat. After a very unclear, unconcise, uncomprehensive explanation, I went to again. This time I went after results and got them. My comrade had finished his six, and I was still struggling gamely on my first. He relieved me of my trouble by milking the rest of the caows while I stuck to the finish with the obstinate beast I tackled first.

I hitched up the horse and took the milk to a cheese factory about a mile and a half from the farm. As I was lifting one of the cans from the wagon, my strength failed me, and I took a milk bath and incidentally spilled about 20 quarts of milk. In chagrin I galloped old Dobbin back to the farm, and came out in a new guise. My boss gave me orders to feed the pigs, so I bravely went up to the haymow and got a forkful. I piled it neatly before the porkers, but all they did was to snort and smell of the hay in disgust. I figured that their appetite was poor, and left them with their luscious meal before them. Gosh! The blisters on my hand hurt like —— when I write. I'll get that Jersey tomorrow, you wait and see.

By this time I was some hungry, and tore to the restaurant, which is located in the back of the house. I ate some big meal, believe me. After this pleasant duty, I dragged a hoe out into a garden near the house, and endeavored to crush and annihilate forever some persisting weeds that thought they should grow instead of radish and lettuce. Well, I hacked around for some time, and then my boss came and looked over my work. Instead of praise and commendation, the epithets he hurled at me were so pleasing to the ear, so uplifting, that I refuse, because of weak knees, to reproduce them here for you. It appeared from the startling news that I managed to sift from his remarks that I had neatly and innocently ended all possible chances for the radish and lettuce to adorn our table by ending their young career along with the obnoxious weeds. I felt a sincere longing to be back to old R. F. A. after this final ordeal, and to make it worse, the whole happening

was thoroughly discussed and hashed out over the dinner table, and our hero was the recipient of many titles from all sides.

After disposing of about three dollars' worth of food, I was called out into the fields where I spent a very pleasant afternoon cursing my longing for a rural career, and entertaining many conceptions of the would-be occurrences were I a student again. The sun sank rosily in the west, and I trudged my weary way, like the historic farmer boy, whistling as he treads his way homeward, only the tune was far from melodious. I took a refreshing bath in a quart wash basin, brushed my locks into an orderly arrangement, drew up a chair and threw my feet under the table in a noble fashion. I downed sufficient food to keep me alive for at least 12 hours, and looked longingly toward the feathers. After the meal, I filed into a sort of sitting-room in company with the proprietor and his family, and was honored by some selections on the "phonygraf". Some of the music was cracked, and all together constituted a review of the melodies reigning in the years gone by. I indulged in a game of checkers, but apparently I had left my science along this line in Rome. We played five games and I won all but the first three and the last two. Pretty good for a kid, eh?

I retired about ten o'clock to my room, and cast myself heartily into bed. Absolutely free from study, and without the wilting thoughts of unprepared lessons for the morrow, I was in for a good night's rest. The fresh air is certainly bracing, and if it wasn't for the work, I would certainly enjoy life. But a glance at the rickety old Big Ben tells me that I should close this epistle. Nothing to do until five o'clock. Pretty soft, what?

Giving my best wishes to my former schoolmates and loving teachers, and looking forward to the day I walk the streets a free citizen again, I take pleasure in remaining

One who is doing his share to keep you in food,

A FARM CADET OF R. F. A.

IF

If you can go to school at nine each morning
And stay 'till six—without a moment's rest,
Work night and day despite the doctor's warning
And never shirk—but always do your best;
If you can bluff and not get caught at bluffing
And answer questions that you never knew,
If you can pad your facts with lots of stuffing
And dress them in the proper English too;
If you can always sort out fact from fiction,
Retain the fact—discarding all the "Bull",
While with a smile and smoothly oiled diction
You organize a good substantial "pull";
If you can manufacture good excuses
Keep a straight face when you tell a lie,
If you can stand for rank, unjust abuses
And be too proud to ask the reason why;
If you can write at least a mile a minute
And wade through literature that weighs a ton,
And from each book retain the best that's in it,
Then, if you're lucky, you'll "get by", my son.

ODE TO FARM LIFE

At five o'clock the 'larm clock rings
You feel as if you were on springs.

Of course

No matter what the weather is,
No matter if the wind does whiz,
Or if the blizzards really bliz,
You want to curse.

You grope around in early gloom,
Your clothes are somewhere in the room
You feel quite sure.
You feel as though your bones would break,
You put them on while half awake
Then make a grab your hat to take
And find the door.

You hustle out to do the chores,
Your hands are all swelled up with sores,
Your end is nigh.
You milk the cows twice every day,
And feed the hogs the frothing whey,
For hogs, you know, will not eat hay,
I wonder why?

In milking cows you'll find rare sport,
If you are fond of any work,
I'll not decline.
All life is just one stormy sea,
"Oh death, where is thy sting" for me?
My grave shall be my victory,
Ah! woe is mine.

You work until you feel you'd drop,
All through the day without a stop
Except for noon.
And then a hasty lunch you eat,
It drops way down clear to your feet,
"Oh death to me doth seem so sweet",
It's o'er too soon.

And when at last the day's work's done,
You feel as if it would be fun
To take your purse,
Write up your will as best you can,
(You're going some at that) and then
Just leave the rest 'tween God and men
And send for the hearse.

But after all, though very true
Just what's been said 'tween me and you,
Yes, every verse;
No matter how discouragements come,
You'll find you have life's battles won
If to this conclusion you always come
It could be worse.

THE GENTLEMAN FARMER,
—J. W. B., '17.

A TRIBUTE TO THE FACULTY

When this, our class of seventeen, becomes a memory mere,
Do not forget to reverence your faculty so dear.
Remember that we loved them and tried our level best
To please those fussy teachers, unsuccessful like the rest.

Professor Harris is the first on whom our blessings fall,
"Concentration" is his password tho it does apply to all.
Next Miss Higham and Miss Seely, to those be uncommonly kind,
A class that has not known them it is difficult to find.

We have an Angell and Harp like the Heavens above,
But both of these teachers are falling in love.
Then we've a Wil(l)son, no Bryan as yet,
And one, Betty MacFarland, our dear suffragette.

Mr. Boyd and his science is driving us mad
But departure from him will indeed be most sad.
Nor must we forget our delightful Miss "Stricky",
In command of the study-hall, the girlie is tricky.

To all those unmentioned our tributes we pay,
We shall not forget you to our dying day.
There's Miss Cooney and Spear, and little Miss Hall.
Well, I haven't the power to enumerate all.

As they re dear to our memory, dear friends, take care
That you keep them and love them and treat them all fair.
For they will do likewise unto you
If all your own business you attend to.

—A. S. B., '17





R. F. A. Orchestra.

LAST DAY IN R. F. A.

The fateful day arrived too soon, we fear. It meant that our days in R. F. A. were numbered, and few, but we throw off this spirit of regret and despondency and gave the friends and fellow-students of R. F. A. an opportunity of seeing one of the finest Last Day exercises ever held within the grand old walls of the school.

Our leanings toward study and preparation for Regents' were so strong and persuading that we did not celebrate our final day until the afternoon session. However, at the opening of the morning session, the boys' assumed seats on the girls' side of the study hall, and the girls braved the storms of the male contingent on the other side. Cocked hats, trimmed with the class colors, Green and White, constituted our only adornment.

At the opening of the afternoon's festivities, D. Ross Anderson impersonating Principal Harris, called the room to order with that historical rapping of a pencil on the desk. After the usual parley of words with his flock, he announced that we were to have an "extinguished" visitor to speak for our benefit and information. Then the "Madjer Hedake" stalked majestically into the room. The Madjer was attired in many fine colors and silks, and in general his costume was the cause of much laughter. Harold F. Schue carried the part of the Madjer and his talk along military lines in general, and Bug-life in America in particular, was humorous.

The Class was seated on the platform, dressed in decidedly rural costumes, and having a good time. President Barnard called the meeting to order, and after a short discussion, the gift giving to teachers and students began. Each teacher received an appropriate gift as a reminder of the Class of '17, and the funny rhymes connected with each one made a hit. The Class was well prepared with songs, and sang a fine parting serenade to the faculty.

The under-classes each were honored with a song and a parting gift, and their Presidents' responded in fitting words, all agreeing that they held the Class of '17 high in their respect and admiration, and their wild and vaulted ambition was to reach the stage of perfection that '17 has so easily attained. The program ended with the singing of The Star Spangled Banner, all standing and singing.

Although President Barnard indicated to the audience that the ceremonies for the day were over, the people sat as if spellbound. Their minds and thoughts were so wrapt in admiration and praise that they could sit for hours and never weary. However, all good affairs must terminate with time, and so the Class of 1917, as well as their closing exercises in R. F. A. must end. Shed not a tear, 'tis well that such bright and shining lights should not be confined to one place, so let's rejoice that the world will have the rare opportunity of receiving such a worthy addition to her successful ones.

F. J. L. '17.



MEMORIAL DAY

Memorial Day was reverently observed in the Academy on May 29. The inspiring presence of members of Skillin Post, G. A. R., served to instill in the youthful hearts of the students a greater spirit of patriotism and loyalty to country. The excellent program opened with the singing of the Star Spangled Banner by the student body, and the school rang with the triumphant rendition of the national anthem.

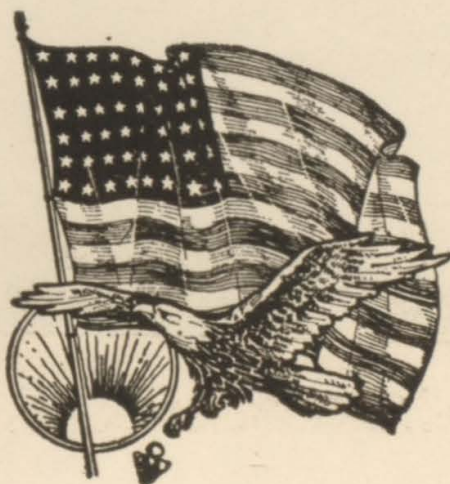
On behalf of the Class of 1917, President Tom H. Barnard presented to the Academy the Class memorial. In this crisis in the affairs of our beloved country, it would seem fitting that a gift for the welfare and aid of our land would be more appropriate than the customary memorial to the school. So the President presented a beautiful bronze tablet, the generous gift to the Class by Mr. Maxwell, bearing the inscription, "The Memorial Fund of the Class of 1917 was Given to the Nation in its Hour of Need." Superintendent of Schools Staley accepted the gift on behalf of the school, and commended the Class on their patriotic motives and expressed the general sentiment that it is far better to help our country than to follow the established precedent.

The Girls' Glee Club of the Academy pleased with their harmonious rendition of *How They So Softly Rest*, and were compelled to respond to an encore. Janet Gregg MacAdam pleased her audience by the delightful manner in which she recited *An Ode to the American Soldiers Who Have Died for France*. Her recitation was followed by the singing of the French national air, *The Marseillaise*, by the student body.

The declamation, *Our Duty to America*, was masterfully portrayed in eloquent tones by D. Ross Anderson. A medley of Civil War songs, *Battle Cry of Freedom*, *Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!*, *Maryland, My Maryland*, was sung by the school. In a pretty manner, Gretchen E. Dillenbeck recited the War Sonnets of Rupert Brooks, which elicited deserved applause from her admiring listeners. The Battle Hymn of the Republic was sung with much enthusiasm and spirit.

James E. Bird Jr. declaimed Lincoln's Gettysburg Address in the Light of Today in a finished manner, displaying marked emotion and graceful gestures and style of delivery. The Salute to the Flag was an inspiring and dramatic moment, each student solemnly pledging his allegiance and faithfulness to Old Glory. The singing of America concluded the patriotic observance of Memorial Day in the Rome Free Academy.

The platform was tastefully decorated with flowers and potted ferns, and was a splendid feature of the occasion. Following the program Miss Yost directed the students through a snappy drill of the various exercises, and gained much favorable comment by the masterly way in which her pupils responded. The veterans were much pleased with the program in general, and this feature in particular, and to that end were our hopes and desires.





Editorial Staff of the 1917 Senior Annual

EDITORIAL

To publish a Senior Annual deserving of the merits and quality of the Class of 1917 has been the object of our long and hard work in composing this book. We may be lacking in some details; we may have unknowingly encroached upon the personal dignity of some in our writings, but we know that our readers will take the enormity of the task into consideration, and will accept this Annual with as much pride and whole-hearted interest as it is sent forth by the Editorial Staff. To edit a successful Senior Annual is no easy matter. It must be carried on independent and subordinate to school work, and in this much, the success which attends the publication of 1917 Senior Annual is due to the faithful and persistent co-operation of the Editorial Staff, and of the sacrificing of their leisure to make this Annual worthy of the Class of '17.

To Con O'Malley and Bradley C. Barnard, '14, we gratefully extend our highest praise and heartfelt thanks in recognition of their excellent cartoons, so generously contributed to us to assist us in realizing our vaulted ambitions.

We call your attention to the selected section of advertisements which follow, and would solicit your hearty patronage of those worthy merchants whose announcements appear hereafter.

Our work is o'er. The many long and hard hours and days we have labored in assembling this Annual will always be uppermost in our minds, and it will be with fond remembrances and pride that we shall recall, in future years, our work in publishing this Senior Annual. We have been honored, indeed, with the responsibility of publishing the chronicles of the year 1916-17 in Rome Free Academy in general, and the accomplishments of the Class of 1917 in particular. We sincerely hope, dear reader, that our earnest efforts will meet with your approval, and we rest from our labors feeling sure that our work has not been in vain. We believe that the new features inaugurated this year will please you. We have carefully considered the essentials of a fitting school publication, and know that the product of our calm thought and deliberation will fill the requirements.

The placing of the Memorial Fund of the Class of '17 as chronicled in the annals of '17 was decided too late to record it in the History, and we trust that you will pardon the unforeseen omission. The fund of \$50 was given to the American Red Cross.

The name of "Dunk" Anderson was inadvertently omitted from the foot ball write-up.

To you, dear reader, we extend our best regards, and sincerely hope that you will deeply enjoy our Senior Annual.

EDITOR AND STAFF.

SOME HUMOR



Teacher—"Mr. Bouton, what is a vacuum?"

Kenneth—"Why, -er-I had it in my head last night, but I can't just recall it now."

Brady—"Are you taking gym this year, Art?"

Jones—"Yes, I'm wrestling under Banks."

Brady—"Yes, I suppose that you are under him most of the time."

Prof. Welton—"Some of you students have no more sense than a man who tries to fly across the U. S. in a rowboat."

Student—"There must be some mistake in my examination mark. I don't think I deserve a zero."

Teacher—"Neither do I, but it's the lowest mark I'm allowed to give."

Have You Ever Heard Of:

The Concentration Period?

The Class of 1917?

Prof. Boyd's college chum?

This is a hard world said the steeple-jack as he crashed to the pavement.

The Editor has been asked to inquire as to who cast the ballot for Graves and McMahon in English IV Debate—Graves or McMahon? and what became of the other vote?

Miss Yost takes pleasure in congratulating her pupils on having had such a fine instructress.

LITERATURE CLASS REVIEW.

Dedicated to Miss Seely.

Rymer Byron was a rake—

Shakespeare often hit the bottle;

Burns was always on the slake,

Pouring liquor down his throttle;

Poe was pickled night and day;

"Oh, you kid!" was Villon's war cry;

Take the list across the way,

And the same was not a far cry;

Goldsmith never had a cent,

Shelley jumped his board and lodging;

Homer never paid his rent,

Up and down the highways dodging;

Same old bunch across the slope,

Little coin—but game to blow it—

Seems to me from all this dope

I, too, ought to be a poet.

NEWSY NOTES FROM OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

Hod Peters fell down stairs last Wednesday and broke three ribs and seven commandments.

Miss Jenks, who was seen to take a street car at the foot of James street yesterday, has been arrested.

The cement walk in front of the post office is cracked. Guess it must have been stretched too tight when it was put down.

We think this crusade against the social evil is all right. By cracky! the last social we had in this town cost ye Editor two shillin'!

When you see two moons over your left shoulder, Dilly, it's a sign you should go home.

Mr. Cal. Stebbins, our astute financier, spent three weeks in N. Y. recently. When he went down there he took one boiled shirt and a two dollar bill, and never changed either of them.

Prof. Boyd—"Jones, how do you make laughing gas?"

A. Jones—"Why, ah-a-a tickle the chandelier."

Prof. Boyd—"Reese, what is density?"

Reese—"I don't know, but I can illustrate it."

Prof—"The illustration is very good. Be seated."

Freshman—"Miss Harp, why do we have all these experiments?"

Miss Harp—"Why, what have you in your head?"

Freshman—"A cold."

If three cast-iron pigs can eat four bushels of wooden potatoes, how far can a chipmunk jump?"

Jones—"Speaking of electricity—that makes me think."

Prof. Boyd—"Really, Arthur Jones, isn't it remarkable what electricity will do?"

Miss Harp—"What is the connecting link between the animal and vegetable kingdoms?"

Percy Fuller—"Hash."

Ye deedless boasters—

M. McMahon

E. Scully

H. Rice

Did you ever have the measles, and if so, how many?

Ye gods! what a night!—J. Queirolo.

A man, not old, but mellow, like good wine.—Prof. Boyd.

The dull duty of an editor—Opening the Joke Box.

Anderson—"I say, Clyde, would you mind getting off my foot?"

Clyde—"Is it much of a walk?"

Miss Harp—"The holly is very attractive, is it not?"

Money—"Yes; but I prefer mistletoe over you."

Here's to a teacher far more fair,
Than any girl for whom I care,
As sweet as the sweetest girl of all,
Whether she be short or spare or tall.

Here's to the girl for whom I'd fight,
Till the sun grows cold and all is night,
For her eyes are like the summer sun,
Just as radiant, surpassed by none.

Here's to the girl who has captured my heart,
Through which Dan Cupid has sent his Dart,
I'll love her through the years to come,
Until my life in this world is done.

And in the next, on Judgment Day,
When Jesus sends us on our way,
Miss Strickland will go with the happy ones,
Whom God respects and Satan shuns.

Miss Harp—"Why does a frog close his eyes while eating?"

Ed. Jones—"Probably he wants to see what's going on inside."

Every big fish began life on a small scale.

Think twice before you speak and then talk to yourself. Clyde.

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Caesar—What hoe? What hoe?
Jillette, d - - n it! Jillette."

Boyd—"What do you think of the little brown peril?"

Banks—"Why, I think I'll have to get a cook, after all."

Boyd—"Get a cook? I'm referring to the Japanese, man!"

Banks—"Oh, pardon me. I was thinking of that plate of biscuits my wife put on the table this morning."

Miss McFarland—"Briggs, what is the ruler of Russia called?"

Briggs—"Czar."

Miss McF—"And what is his wife called?"

Briggs—"Czarina."

Miss McF—"Very good, and his children?"

Briggs—"Czardines."

"Flying requires some special kind of application, does it not?" she asked him.

"Oh! no, any old kind of horse liniment will do," replied the young aviator.

Prof. Boyd—"Your answer is about as clear as mud."

Brady—"Well, it covers the ground, doesn't it?"

HAVE YOU EVER SEEN

Prof. Harris with his hair mussed?

The Scullys with their headlights

The Scullys without their headlights dimmed?

Wheeler flirting?

Barnard at school on time?

Clyde reading a magazine any time but in study periods?

Catherine Oldfield without hearing her first?

A horse laugh, if you please at honest
E. Scully.

"McBride was put out of the Utica game for unnecessary roughness."

"How's that?"

"He hadn't shaved for a week."

Aldridge—"I fell last night and struck my head on the piano."

Ayars—"Hurt yourself?"

Aldridge—"No; luckily I hit the soft pedal."

Caesar—(Cutting himself)—D— xxx
xxx!!t!!! BLANKETY BLANK!!!!

Calphurnia—(Without)—"What ho, m' lord?"

Nobody home—but the Senior Annual, and that's out once a year.

(With Apologies to Poets.)

When you go to a class unready,

Work your bluff!

Let your nerve be sure and steady,

Work your bluff!

Look the prof right in the eyes,

Take him completely by surprise;

Shoot the bull, he'll not get wise—

Work your bluff!

L. W. G., '17.

It began of nothing and in nothing it ends.
The Juniors.

FRENZIED FINANCE.

Anderson—"Lend me a dollar, will you Smoke?"

Schue—"I can't do it, but I'll tell you a way we both can make fifty cents."

Anderson—"All right, shoot."

Schue—"I'll give you half a dollar."

Customer—"Give me two pounds of coffee in the bean, please."

J. McGarty—"I'm sorry I can't do it; this is the ground floor."

Graves—"I've had my picture taken."

Lawler—"Got the proofs?"

Graves—"No, you'll have to take my word for it."

Brush (in office)—“But, Mr. Harris, I am trying.”

Prof. Harris (opening door)—“Yes, very.”

AT THE PROM.

First Junior—“Your girl is a wonderful dancer but for two things.”

Second Junior (pleased)—“Yes, she can dance fine, but what are those two things?”

First Junior (making hasty retreat)—“Her feet.”

Miss Foot, leading physical exercises—“Put your arms and feet at your sides.”

Simon—“What kind of a car are you going to get this year?”

Wetherbee—“The cheapest kind I can, afford.”

Fond Parent—“I hear my daughter is taking Algebra under you this year?”

Miss Spear—“She is exposed to it, but I don't think she will take it.”

Graves—“What do you think about that, Juergens?”

Walt—“I refuse to discuss anything about which I am not sufficiently informed.”

Gravy—“It'll seem funny to have you silent for the rest of the year.”

March 15, 1917. Prof. Boyd capers around on the tops of the tables in Physics and then sternly tells his class to cut out all nonsense.

Schue, translating in French—“Philip looked at her with his blue eye and changed his face.”

First Student—“What is a Literacy Test?”

R. Fox—“I don't know. I never had one.”

MARY AND HER LITTLE LAMB

Mary had a little friend, whose cheeks were red as roses,

And all the other chaps in school at him turned up their noses.

But “Rosy” was Miss Mary's pet, she took him from his toys

And taught him how to dance and jig just like the other boys.

Since Briggy's learned to one-step, dears, he's joined the big leaguers,

You should see his exhibitions, dears, when he goes down to Seegar's.

Sure he and Mary Willson are the jolliest pair to be found,

As together with all their merriment they glide round and round.

Miss Foot—“How does the U. S. rank with the world as a producer of hogs?”

Harnacker—“Next.”

Fathah (sternly to little Albert)—“Young man, where have you bin?”

Albert—“Pop, I've been on a fishing expedition.”

Pa Pah—“Well, come out in the woodshed and we'll go on a whaling expedition.”

THE VOICE OF THE DOWN-TRODDEN.

Dear Editor:

After the lecture on the care of the bodies by the Dean of a Physical Culture School, Prof. Welton closed all the windows in his room. We want justice and fresh air!

(Signed) The Freshmen.

To see young Rice gamely tackle the piano reminds us of the good old days of yore when we were but Frosh and the darling young Raffauf tried his hand at the game. What has become of the old-fashioned boys who could play a piano?

THE 1917 SENIOR ANNUAL

Oh, that some Burbank of the West
Would patent, make and sell
An onion with an onion taste—
But with a violet smell.

Ayars—"Anderson is wrapped up in
his new auto."

Lawler—"When did the accident occur?"

Miss Seely—"Let me see, McGarty,
aren't you the same student I flunked last
year?"

McGarty—"No; I've never been the
same since."

M. Papworth—"It's beginning to
rain, Tom. You had better stay to sup-
per."

T. Barnard—"Oh thanks very much,
but it's not that bad."

Visitor (looking over the study hall the
first day after exams.)—"Ah, what have
we here?"

Prof. Harris—"Remains, to be seen."

We all assume that Brady knows it
takes a certain amount of cheek even to
grow a beard.

AT THE HALLOWE'EN PARTY
Voice From the Rear—"Who is the
spokesman in this party?"

"Dunk" Anderson—"I am. Why?"

Voice—"Well, come over here in
back. I think the wheel is broken."

Miss Harp (in Biology)—"I will
show you in a few minutes how a fish
eats."

Prof. Boyd—"What does sea water
contain besides the sodium chloride that
we have mentioned?"

Aldridge—"Fish, sir."

Conductor—"Did I get your fare?"

Marian—"No. I saw you ring it up."

"A man told me this morning I looked
the image of you."

"Where is the fool? I'll thrash the
life out of him."

"Too late. I killed him."

Education is a great thing. A school
teacher who is extra efficient can get
thutty-five dollars a month. A plumber
gets five dollars a day.

NEWS ITEM—A baker in Zambesi
prides himself on his cleanliness. He
even has a manicurist to fix up his lady
fingers.

THE REASON

I've run a bit with Gretchen and chased
around with Dot—

I've had a case on both of them, and you
can bet on that;

I've whispered airy nothings in the pearly
ear of Peg,

And told a tale of eloquence to Pernal
and to Ruth;

I've hit the high and toppy points with
Adelaide and with Hat,

And swung to subtle symphonies with
Marian and with Mil;

I've builded castles in the air, assisted,
some, by Jan,

And trolled my moonlight serenades to
Beatrice and to Fan;

I've sworn eternal constancy to Hazel,
Tess and Phyl,

And jollied quite a jolly lot with Mabei
and with Lil;

I've turned a double trick at hearts while
playing whist with Pearl,

And hypnotized Miss Cynthia with, "Just
one little girl!"

I would have married each and all—and
that's a-going some!

But—darn their unpoetic souls—they all
chewed gum!

What is the scientific name for snoring?
B. V. D. Sheet music.

Did you ever hear—That—there are three kinds of dancing—graceful, ungraceful, and disgraceful.

Miss MacFarland—"Where were the Southerners educated, for the most part?"

Schue (in muffled voice)—"In the head."

Miss MacFarland (reading laws)—"No fruits or nuts may be imported into California."

(Whisper heard)—"You'll never get into California, Sharrow."

Visitor—"Well, James (Ayars) how's everything at school?"

Jimmie—"Oh, she's all right."

Inquisitive—"Why aren't you wearing your patent leathers, Edna?"

E. Ripley—"The patent expired."

If Miss Higham wished to go out riding, would Thomas Wheeler?

The fourth Grace—Grace Ringrose.

An anti-Regents' Club, four feet long, with a spike at the end of it, has been formed by some of the students of this school.

Lives of bad men all remind us

We should make our lives sublime,
Or, departing, we shall find us
With them in a hotter clime.

Veteran—"There are advantages in having a wooden leg."

Green Freshman—"I can't think of any. Tell me just one."

Veteran—"You can keep your socks up with thumb tacks."

Byrnes—"Why is it that Brush always has such a vacant expression?"

Marriott—"Oh, I suppose he thinks of himself a good deal."

When the nights begin to lengthen,
Then gas bills begin to strengthen.

Not to admire is all the art I know,
To make men happy and to keep them so.
Dot Waldo.

There is no pleasure like the pain of
being loved and loving.
Peg Wallis.

Cyde believes that "Many a nut is not
what it was cracked up to be."

Classes gone before remind us
Thirst for knowledge we should quench,
And, departing, leave behind us
Initials carved on every bench.

Welton (sagely shaking his head)—
"There is nothing new under the sun."
Kircher (with timid reluctance)—
"Have you seen my baby?"

ECCE SIGNUM.

Senior—"Soc et to em."

Junior—"Au Secours."

Soph—"Hic Jacet."

Frosh—"Et Caetera."

Prof. Boyd (in Chemistry)—"Is there
alcohol in cider?"

Reese—"In side 'er, who?"

Miss MacFarland (in American History)—
"Who was one of the most important
figures in early New York history?"

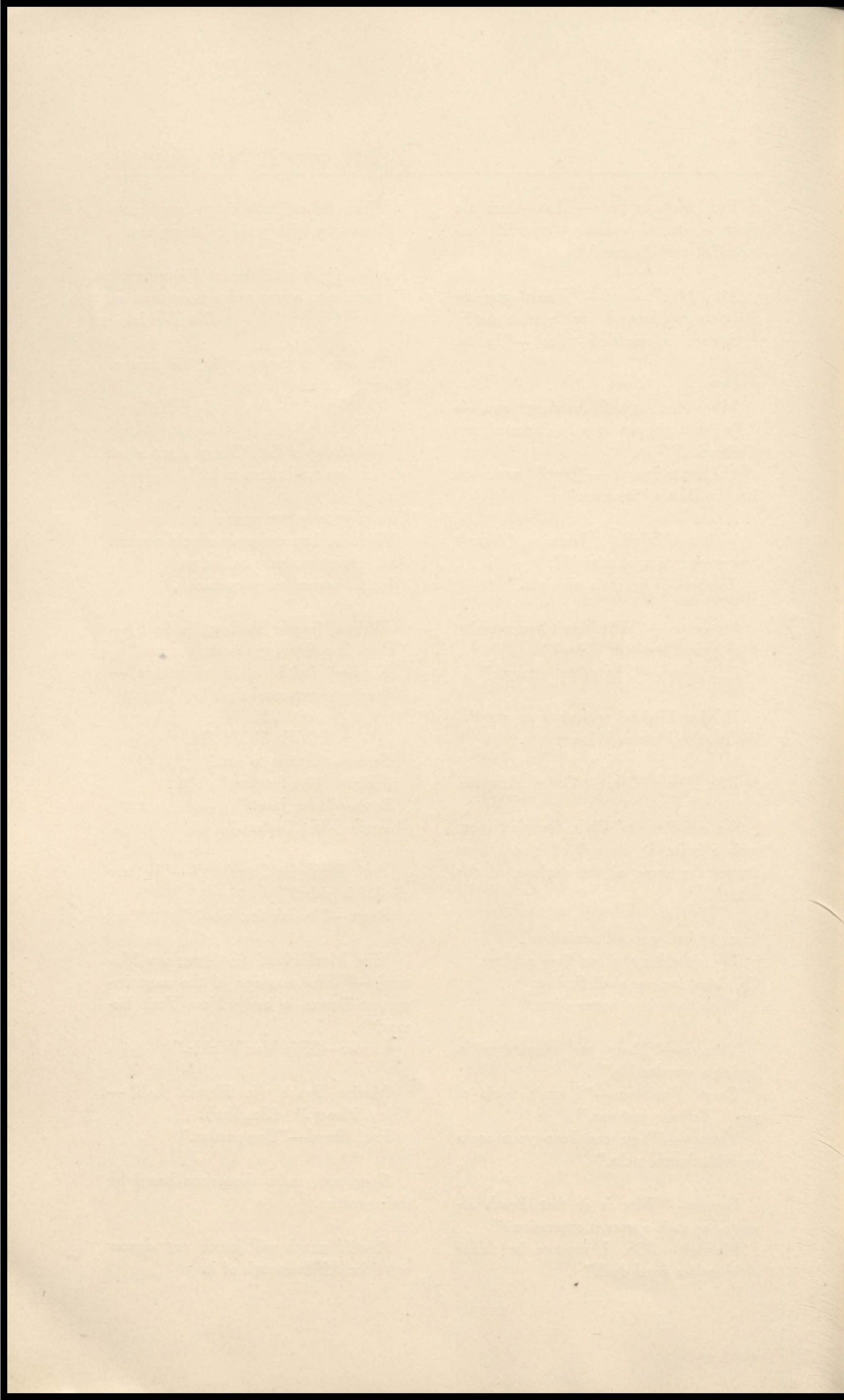
Lawler—"Rip Van Winkle."

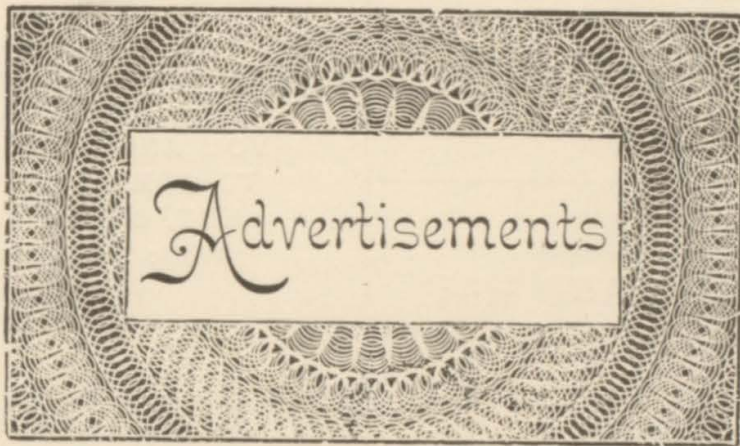
Marion Beach (in Physics Lab)—
"Hey, Honey." (Scudder).

Prof. Boyd—"Beg pardon."

Some men make themselves heard by
their neckties.

A stiff punch will knock any dancer
out if he drinks enough of it.





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O'er that green little Junior's green little
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Father—"Cut out that slang, please!"

Mother—"That's a peach of a way to
correct the kid".

Father—"I only want to put her wise.
Such talk will queer her".

Daughter—"Ishgebibble".

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And from his mantel in the morning dim
A nickel clock would fill him with alarm.

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"Stub"—"For their base ball teams in the New York State League".

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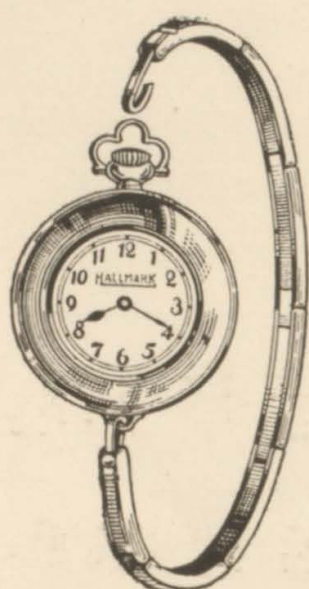
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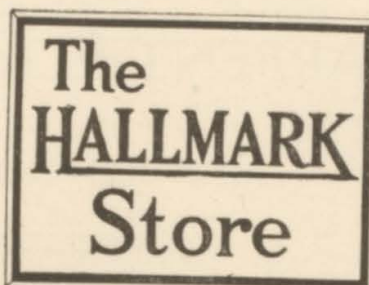


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Miss MacFarland—"Brawnson, comment on the fact that the United States is said to have a flexible constitution".

Bronson—"The U. S. has a flexible constitution because of the elastic clause".

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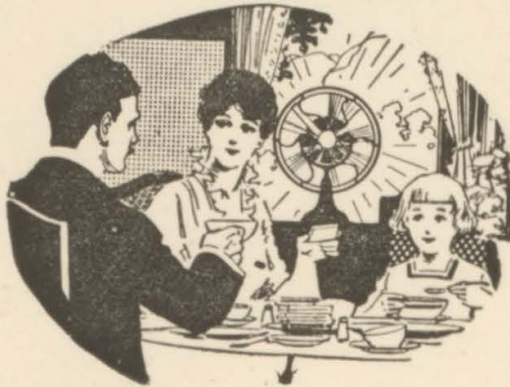
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I slept in the editor's bed last night,
When no editor chanced to be nigh,
And I thought, as I tumbled in that editor's
rest,
How easily editors lie.

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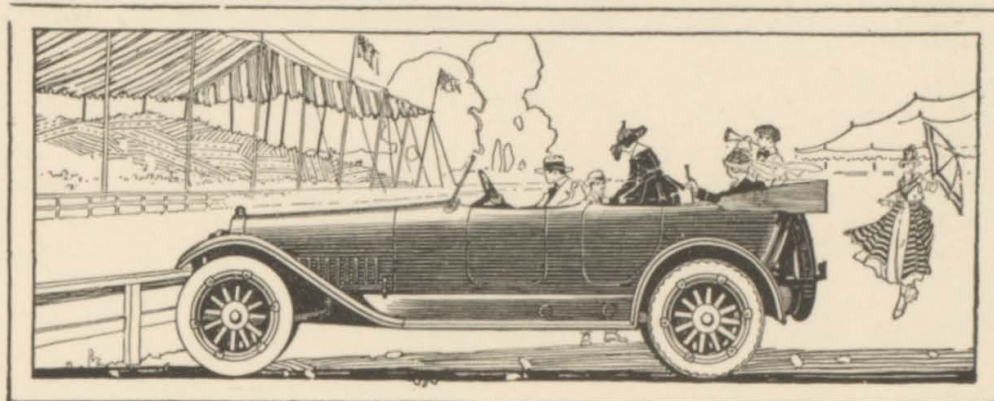
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